

304

Home Songs



By
David Chalmers Nimmo

21

HOME SONGS

BY

DAVID CHALMERS NIMMO

Author of

"Nature Songs," "Soul Songs," "Civic Songs," Etc.

PJ3527
I84H6
1916

Copyrighted 1916.
By DAVID CHALMERS NIMMO.

\$3.⁰⁰
DEC 30 1916

©Cl.A453399

no. 1.

DEDICATION

TO

MY MOTHER

As the largest contributor
Of the virtues herein contained,
And to all like her, who make
A home in the midst of the gigantic
And destroying selfishness of life
I dedicate these songs.

D. C. N.

0181 09 030

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."
Burns.

Contents



	Page
Parentage	7
A Marriage Song	13
The Wife's Day	14
Give Him a Dog	15
The Baby Show	16
The Waters of Life	19
Home Angels—Music	20
A Drop of Oil	21
A Lover's Song	22
Slumber Song	23
Woman's Civic Song	24
The Song of the Suffragette	25
Vote and No Vote	26
A Woman's Way	30
Nature Helps	30
A Fisherman's Song	31
The Carrier Dove	31
Young Motherhood	34
Envy	38
The Wife's Return	38
The Candy Maker	40
Song for Marriage	42
The Dreamed Of	43
A Wish	46
The Anniversary	50
Student's Love Song	53
Love and Sorrow	53
King and Beggar	54
Mama's Answer	56
Bled	59
A Heart Truth	60
Saved	62
Remarried	62
The Wife's Commandments	64
The Best Baby	67

Thine Eyes	68
Kissing Babies	70
The White Slave's Moan	73
The Element of Life	74
Because, My Dear, It's You	75
The Bread of Life	77
The Wanderer's Unrest	77
The Cure	78
The Departed	79
Sleep Beloved!	82
Ideal Kisses	83
The Kid	86
The Good-Night Kiss	89
The Stars and Stripes Forever—No. 4	91
The Home Angel's Song	93
The First Dream	94
Home	95
Motherhood's Desire	95
Woman	96
The Rejected's Faith	97
The New Advise	97
The Wife	97
Nature's Bouquet	97
Rejected	99
The Foolish Virgin	100
Grandma's Marriage	100
The Sweetest of the Sweet	103
The Poetic Wife	105
Fat Medicine	107
Is He Married?	109
Influence of Baby	112
The Whistling Girl	113
The Wife's New Dress	115
An Old Fashioned Georgia Father	120
A Cradle Mediation	123
Boyhood's Home	127
Drink Her Health	128
The Lover's Pathway	129
The Proposal	133
"Rub Me and I'll Smell"	134
"Cuddle Doon"	137
Oh Love of God Come In!	139
An Old Fashioned Home Flower	140
Mother's Day	143

PARENTAGE.

What is the truth of parenthood on earth?
Lift up thine eyes or turn thy spirit hence!
Look not upon these origins of birth,
Or gird thy mind with an omnipotence
Of virtuous strength to front the vast offense!
Though nature's way, the social order right,
And heav'n's benediction on the immense
Irrationality, the Soul must smite
All origin from this insanest sense
As but a curse and hope destroying blight
On all the generations that spring forth to the light.

Ask what is man, from whence doth he arise?
And Life with stern sarcastic smile doth thrust
The sensual truths right in thy very eyes
To silence, shame and bow the reverent just.
What? Offspring of the dragon's poisoned dust,
Mere accidents of nature's sensual pleasure,
Mere unwished issues of resistless lust,
Unwelcome ends that lore cannot outmeasure,
The consequence of blind delirious must,
The full unthinking thoughtlessness we treasure,
The senses in their power, soul exiled in displeasure.

The quality of parenthood on earth
Is just above the level of the beast;
Unmotivated, they are welcomed at their birth
And after that the physical they feast,
Clothe and defend. They teach and train the least,
Naught, naught of heav'n or heaven's kings and peers,
But all the arts by which bread is increased;
They teach the crafts and wisdoms of the years
And those great powers that nature has released;
They all are taught to climb and rule the spheres;
Old selfishness and sense the spirit onward steers.

But often, oft unto our contemplations
A spirit strong with mighty trumpet sounds
Strikes mortal ears with spirit indignations

That stop a few made wise by loss and wounds.
Hark! Hark! Dost thou not hear? The message bounds
As flung by one of heaven's highest peers
And unto man the spirit's law expounds:
"The visions from the bright millennial years
When impurity has run her final rounds
Declare no parentage until it rears
Out of this earthly physical the spirit of the spheres."

"The Soul is life's best law and highest need;
And Soul upon the summit of her state
Denies the blood relationships that feed
Life's surfaceness and doth annunciate
The everlasting laws that dominate
The spirit kingdoms. There is a parentage
Far higher than the dust that mortals mate,
Far nobler than the fleshly lusts that rage,
Far richer than the passions that create,
One most divine, of spirits that engage
More than themselves and purer life upon their heritage."

"These are parents: the teachers wise and kind
Who take the child and for the child's own sake
Bring forth in him self-consciousness and mind;
Then when his kingly faculties are awake
The world's high intellectual splendors shake
Upon the spirit's first and fresh surprise;
When all his powers with mental longings ache,
When reaching to his full expanded size,
When infinites within his being break,
Unfoldeth then upon his lifted eyes,
The spaces, planets, powers and laws of astronomic skies."

"These are parents: the artists high and true
Who plant within the mind the finer sense
Of passion and of shape and sound and hue;
Who breathe into the form of young intelligence
A spirit that beholds a countenance
Of beauty pure on all the heav'ns and earth,
And fronting full that unveiled radiance
Doth worship with a sacred silent mirth,
Oft, often lost unto the world of sense;
Spirits who bring such beings unto birth
Bring more than flesh and blood, great souls of poet worth."

"These are parents: the moralists of truth,
The consciences with justice, wisdom, right,
Who lift before the blinded eyes of youth

The virtues and the majesties that light
The universe while sustaining by their might
The throne of the Eternal, those who draw
The veils from off our being's moral height
And cast upon the soul high spirit awe,
Silence, wonder, sorrow, death and fear and night,
God, eternity, life, universal law,
Oh what a birth for parents! Can humans higher draw?"

"These are parents: the few, the infinitely few
In whom the love of God burns as a fire
Of white intensity, and piercing through
All life and time and sense with a desire
Most inexpressible brings the inspire
Of heaven's spirit upon these spirits dead
So they come forth to live, to think, inquire,
And stretch and reach to life's eternal head;
Who brings such souls out of this earthly mire
Brings spirits like and for the Christ who bled
And by life's best ideals they evermore are led."

"And yet we see this bestial sexuality
Ordained the nurse and mother of humanity.
The greatest function of this large finality
Has been conferred upon a blind insanity,
Sunk, sunk unto a base profanity.
Oh Life! Oh Life! Oh must it ever be
This host shall rise unto the empty vanity
Awaiting those the senses sire so free!
Why in this earth should wisest sanity
Rare hear or feel a protest, prayer or plea
For generations born that soul bring unto thee?"

"How long, how long shall sensuality be
The undisputed parent of the earth,
And breathe the strength of white intensity
Into each heart of dark delivered birth?
How long, how long shall sense of blindest mirth
A mid-wife be that standeth at life's gate
To take the child, robbed of its highest worth,
And to herself to instant consecrate!
Sense makes for soul this lightning blasted dearth
And on her dreams all curses imprecate,
Her generations long, deform, disease and weight."

"How long, how long, out of a multitude
Shall but one child be born from heart and mind,
Unlike the offspring that has ever been the brood

Of pleasure, and as kind produces kind
Come forth sensual, deaf and dumb and blind!
How long, how long shall this intelligence
Of man be bound and dream or dare to find
The source of this infinity in sense!
Around the globe life's source is thus entwined,
It seems as nature's very ordinance
And man and state and church stand up in its defence."

"Oh man, the man prophets have dreamed, the man
The moments disentangle from the curse.
The man revealed in that celestial plan
That rides upon the summit of the universe!
Oh cosmopolitan spirit! Oh purse
In whom the Infinite delights to stay
And with his life unto the ideal nurse!
As thou beholdest they evolution's way
And the multitudinous wrecks that vex and verse
The man that wished but had not power to sway,
Oh utter forth thy heart in some prophetic lay!"

"'No more, no more!' a mighty spirit cries
In noble strains of high prophetic verse.
'No more, no more;' the mighty measures rise
Above the earth and discords of the curse.
'No more, no more;' most mighty passions nurse
The strain that climbeth up the heaven's height
And drowns all song the starry choirs unpurse.
'No more. No more!' the culminating might
Seems climbing up the towering universe
And lifts my soul with infinite delight
Into the song divine that circles round 'the night.'"

"'No more, no more the offspring round that lies!
No more, no more the children of the curse!
No more, no more the beings that arise
Out of the beast and go to beasts and worse!
No more, no more let living nature nurse
A dragon brood at her maternal breasts
And thus companion, and still more disburse
The pent-up sense that every bosom nests!
No more, no more, Oh vastest universe!
Breed and sustain the long unwelcome guests
That desecrate thy name and trample on thy hests!'"

"'No more, no more the low and bestial powers
Of life perpetuate the generations
And bring them up from time's dark brothel bowers

And send them forth with such fierce dominations!
No more, no more the world's first foul creations
That laired and whelped as brutes in brutal state
Bring forth the seed to mount unto the stations
Of great man! No more, no more thus populate
The portals of the universe with nations
That the universe can never, never mate,
But casts them forth as dung from her divine estate!"

"No more, no more the flesh though fair to eyes
That only live to write their condemnations
And slay the hopes that heaven bids arise
To man the world and guide its recreations!
No more, no more, the dark engenderations
So sinister sired twixt pleasure and a curse,
Whose meat and drink are sexual satiations
And hungry still its passions to unpurse!
No more, no more the night-born dominations,
Sense anarchs fierce and hist'ries that they nurse
But always like themselves and sometimes worse and worse!"

"No more, no more the dark distempered dream
To think we need more of this cursèd kind!
No more, no more diseaseful passions stream
Into the child and thus its future bind
And slay twice dead to all for which designed!
Does this high age require the breed begot,
By brutal sense that qualifies the mind
With most immoral bias? Does not
The low-born breed its own destruction find?
Do not their forms high heaven's brightness blot?
Do not their deeds like plagues the earth though salted rot?

"Oh Love, thou art the nurse of life, the crown
Upon the brow of heaven's heightless height,
The battle, conquest, victory and renown
Are thine, and thy omnipotential might
Shall reign supreme o'er boundless day and night!
Oh enter man! As white as glowing fire
Cleanse thou the flesh, the soul purge and bedight
With thine own nature! Within him be the sire
Of noble sons that bear thy image bright!
Oh Love divine, with infinite inspire
The generations bring that mount forever higher!"

"Come forth, come forth, ye high supernal powers
Designed to rule upon man's highest stations,
Enter the night and by thy sunlike dowers

Reveal to soul the senses' usurpations!
Ideals divine, visions and pure creations
That girdle, guide and crown the universe,
Deliver man from time's long degradations
That blessing seem, but swallow up in curse!
Destroy the old, the old old impulsations
Of ancient days, and in his spirit nurse [verse!"]
The dreams that ye have dreamed and nourished with you

"'Come, thou spirit of intelligence and thought!
Thou art the liberator of the heart,
For thou must teach ere liberty is sought.
Throughout the whole brute sphere thy lightnings dart
As midnight bolts upon the guilty start.
Think into this unthinking man and shake
His blinded world with moral earthquakes! Impart
The mighty energy that forever breaks
The powers of sense! To their blind senses bart
Life's truth divine: A thoughtful parent makes
The virtuous heirs of hope the future thankful takes.'"

"'Grant, grant, ye Powers, a parentage of virtue,
A parentage in whom predominate
The morals and the motives that secure
The child's divinest right, and thus create
A nature rich, harmonious to the state
The ancient heavens designed. Such parents
Would behold the ripe posterities that mate
The glorious dreams of millennial age hence.
In them high heav'n would build its god-like state,
The unembodied soul of life immense
Forever calls to come and give her immanance.'"

"'Come, come, Oh come ye distant generations,
Ye generations of the golden morn,
Ye progeny of god-like dominations
No dream of man shall ever dare to scorn!
Spirits of fire, immortal souls unshorn—
Sense, passion, stature, majesty and power—
Chosen of heav'n, upon whom are ever borne
The ideals and everlasting dower.
Of man, Oh come upon this weary, worn
And mangled world, and let her latest hour
Be sheltered by the peace high heavens on ye shower!'"

A MARRIAGE SONG

Oh Love divine and golden,
Above our dreams thou art!
All being thou dost folden
In thy encircling heart.
All loving hearts are blighted
Without thee most divine.
No hearts are e'er united
Unless first one in thine.

On these for love created
We hear thee read the rite.
May inmost souls be mated,
Pure, sweet and rich and white.
Now with thy heart in passion
Both melt and glow in one.
Now growing toward thy fashion
Love's life is true begun.

The soul that soul is claiming
Unite and naught divide!
May love with double flaming
Fill bridegroom and his bride.
In circles bright ascending,
In paths before unknown,
Their hearts with heaven blending,
Lead them thy loved and own.

From love all life must borrow
What lifteth to the skies;
Send thou thy joy and sorrow
And pure self sacrifice;
Send all that makes immortals,
Oh pole them far above!
New open golden portals
To spheres of life and love!

Past morning's foaming fountains,
Across life's noonday plain,
Beyond time's evening mountains,
Where all love's loss is gain,
Oh Love far famed in story,
Be guardian and be guide.
Where love is all the glory,
Bring bridegroom and his bride!

THE WIFE'S DAY.

This is the day I give my wife,
Renounce all claim and rule of life;
I give to her the right of it,
The full command and might of it,
The morning, noon and night of it
And all that fills the height of it,
However rich and rife.

When we were married then became
A single soul in double frame.
Has she who lent it grace divine,
Fed life and love to race with mine,
Has that pure heart and face so fine
That made the earth a place benign
Upon the strength no claim?

Five days we toil to serve the need,
One worship with the thoughtful breed:
On other days she curves to me
And gives the fires and verves of glee;
On this she sure deserves to see
Life turn to her with service free,
Responsive to her creed.

When I awake, I always say:
"My Dear! This is thy royal day.
I servant am, thou art the Queen,
I come or go with heart serene;
Take thee to court or mart or green,
Scrub, dig or fight, depart or preen
Or what your whim obey."

"We'll go on-foot; we'll ride ahorse,
Or drive with car's imperial force.
Behold the world! Now name the place,
To family friends that claim the grace,
To nature's glowing frame and face,
To cities or the famous race,
Where will we call our course?"

"Here is my head, my burning brain,
My gifted pen and all is strain,
Say: 'Write!' and I will write for thee
The best things in the might of me,
Domestic idylls bright for thee

And thou a Queen in white shall be
With princes in thy train."

"Here are my houses, lands and gold,
All, all today thy hand shall hold.
Spend! Spending is the jest of life.
Buy! Buying is the zest of life.
Give! Giving is the best of life,
And on this crown and crest of life
Be thou both rich and bold."

"Or in some bower shall we stroll,
In silence sit with soul to soul?
Shall we remember how we met,
The dreams we dreamed nor now forget?
Live o'er the years the brow has wet
But deeper still the vow has set
And doth our spirits pole?"

"The day I give to thee, Oh Wife!
Has always been a day of life;
For thou hast been a joy and power,
Fed purpose and employ and dower,
And out of time's destroying hour
Hast built me like a royal tower
'Gainst the eternal strife."

Oh blessèd day! Oh blessèd day!
The best I've met on life's highway,
With thee there's something glows and glows
As if a fountain rose and rose
And sometimes something flows and flows
That only joy serenest knows
When memories on her stray.

GIVE HIM A DOG.

Oh give your boy a dog!
A collie is a friend
That even many a man
Would with his life defend.
Each is a kindred soul,
Companion, strength and joy;
Far better have a boy and dog
Than not have any boy!

THE BABY SHOW.

A half a dozen mothers met
Upon a summer way;
And tender in the shade were set
The births that made the day.
The babes that made the day for them
And made the sun a paltry gem,
Were cradled there
And each was fair
As lovers' eyes could wish it were.

Each baby's praise was said and sung
In words of warmest fire;
No poet with delirious tongue
Could equal their inspirè.
The lover and the loved one lives
Where all is bright superlatives.
The mother heart
Has love's best art
And round her babe does all impart.

At last the youngest said and smiled:
"Let's have a baby show."
I know the thought that her beguiled
Though love would hide it low.
"Agreed! Agreed!" the chorus sung,
And toward their infants instant sprung.
The prize, the prize
Was in each eyes
Nor dreamed how doubt could here arise.

A maid to me the most divine
By chance she came along;
I called the mothers to the line
And told to her the song.
"Now she'll be judge and so decide
Between your fondness and your pride;
For hearts that feel
And drunken reel
How could they such a claim now seal?"

Such looks of hot contempt and flame,
And words of sharpest fire,
From lips and eyes and faces came,
I shook before their ire.
But Oh upon my bride divine!

Fell epithets of salted brine,
 Until we fled;
 But still we said:
"We'll see the show that love has led."

Each promised to impartial be;
 Each flung away her pride;
Each scorned the honor she could see;
 Each from her hope untied;
Truth, truth shall tell what babe is best
In looks and health and all the rest
 Of baby wiles
 And angel smiles
And promises that love beguiles.

Each looked into each baby face,
 Right down into the heart,
And every named and nameless grace
 Fixed on her mental chart;
Then here and there, round, to and fro,
Compared the points the others show;
 Life's lightest things
 On fairy springs
Were balanced till the judgment wings.

A silence deep, and then was cast
 A most momentous note;
The solemn truth was written fast
 For history in a vote;
Each mother when the vote was read
Wore victory on her flaming head;
 For just one vote
 Had every note,
No two alike in all they wrote.

No evidence did bend a vote
 So much as by a hair,
Though every mother thought each note
 Would her own judgment share.
Oh how could any babe outshine
The angel of each heart divine?
 It were a shame
 Such perfect claim
Against each other thus to frame.

Oh every mother's babe is best!
 None can with it compare;

She has a dream and found it blest
With all her heart can bear.
Though money, fashion, pleasure, power,
Fill for the most the mortal hour,
The mother true
Has visions new
Far deeper than we others view.

Oh every mother's own is best!
She sees beneath the veil;
The eyes of joy and love are blest
To see where others fail;
That something more is bound in this,
A something that the others miss,
A vital start
From her own heart
That never can from her depart.

Say: "Love is foolish, deaf and blind;
Young mothers but insane;
All these bright fancies rich and kind
Around the heart and brain,
Are reasonless and but the fruit
Of nature's strong unconscious root:"
The baby best
From all the rest
Is just that one upon her breast.

Oh well for mother, well for child,
Oh well for earth oppressed,
That ere we are by sin defiled
And wander sore distressed,
A heart inlaid with softest love,
With something like the heart above,
Doth us receive
When first we leave
The heart, alas how few retrieve'

Oh heart of high supremest love!
Oh heart within the heart!
Though high within thy heav'ns above
Before us sure thou art.
For us thou didst prepare the breast
And something from thine own impressed,
But shall thy heart
From this dread mart
Receive us when we hence depart?

THE WATERS OF LIFE.

From forth the crystal fountains
Sparkling with heaven's sun,
Down from God's snow crowned mountains
The streams of life do run.
The seraphim of morning
Low bowing round the First
Renew their bright adorning
And still their deepest thirst.

The Lord of life releases
The draught that spirits drink.
In midst of man's diseases
Why should the fainting sink?
The living streams are flowing
Free as in heav'n above;
Who deeply drink are glowing
In strength, in joy and love.

Celestial virtues holden
These waters rich as wine;
All ye whom faith embolden
May drink this life divine.
No price, no gold, no labor;
High heaven knows no fee;
For thou, for stranger, neighbor,
This draught of life is free.

Drink, drink ye souls in anguish!
Quick healing they impart.
Drink, drink ye souls that languish!
Reviving, strength, full heart.
Restore thy fainting being!
'Tis life and love in soul;
The virtues they are freeing
Much more than make thee whole.

More cool than heav'n's high mountains,
More sweet than life's young dream,
Pure as the midnight fountains,
Creation's true gulf stream;
Oh drink and cease thou never!
Its virtues ne'er depart;
Drink on, drink on forever,
The life from God's own heart!

HOME ANGELS.

Music

Music, Music, Soul the sweetest
Of all earth and heav'n above!
Thou each burning seraph greetest
As the sister twin of Love.
Oft to mortals thou art finer
Than that spirit far diviner.

Here behold the home of mortals!
They invite thee in to live.
There's a welcome through these portals
Kings nor palaces can give.
Welcome, welcome, enter, enter
Hearts and homes unto their center!

Here are nature's purest passions,
Sweeping up and down a scale,
Changing in their power and fashions
As the soul of Life would hail.
By earth's purest fountain swelling
Wilt thou make thy lasting dwelling?

Here are little infants smiling,
Buds and blossoms pure and sweet,
Life and Love and Strength beguiling
Till their hearts like hammers beat.
Love with thee would share her story.
Rock the cradle! 'Tis a glory.

Here are lovers, youths and maidens,
Visions, dreamings, hopes, desires,
Futures like the morning aidents
That entices and inspires.
Where are better themes for singing
Than within the home are springing?

Life is hungry for a singer;
Sense is servant of the lyre;
All are longing for the flinger
Of the lyric strains of fire.
Wilt thou enter here and capture
Homes and hearts with sacred rapture?

Here are shadows, night and sorrow;
Life is full of strife and pain;

All the lovers oft must borrow
Balsam for the heart and brain,
And the measure that thou pourest
Quick and full and glad restorest.

We must oft engage in battle,
Oft be wounded, torn and bled,
Often bought and sold as cattle,
Often trampled like the dead;
See the strife and greed surrounding;
Thou art life and strength abounding.

Home has no great gifts or praises,
Honors, thrones and crowns of fame;
Just a gratitude that raises
To the heav'ns a heart of flame;
Just glad memories, true devotions,
Sometimes tears of great emotions.

Thou dost enter, soul divinest!
Thou dost enter with thy lyre,
Flinging forth what thou enshrinest,
Life and love and wine and fire.
All home spirits o'er the portal
In doth sing thee, soul immortal!

I can hear sky mounting measures,
River-fountains full of song,
Music now has found her treasure
In the home's enchanting throng
This home angel with her singing
Lifts us soaring, circling, swinging.

A DROP OF OIL.

A little drop of oil
On the vital spot
Life's machines will keep
Even when they're hot,
So little drops of love
On the wheels of life
Make the married state a song
Both for man and wife.

A LOVER'S SONG.

The maiden of my summer dreams
I met one happy morn,
When suns of love were pouring streams
And golden joys were born.
A nature from the azure skies,
A rainbow purity,
The spirit in her liquid eyes
Soft beamed and smiled on me.

That smile it filled me with delight
And fed my heart for days;
I wished but just another sight,
I longed and watched the ways.
We met, and Oh her voice divine!
Was music to my ear;
Her words and their sweet soul enshrine
Woke echoes rich and dear.

Again we met and her soft hand
Was friendship in my own;
I felt some magic spirit band
Enchantment round had thrown.
It thrilled my spirit to the deep;
It crimsoned cheek and brow;
It woke a thousand thoughts from sleep
And vowed the sacred vow.

Still deeper, deeper in my heart
This angel came with bliss;
I gave my best immortal part,
Betrothed her with a kiss.
I throned her on my spirit's throne.
And crowned her with my joy;
So finding hope before unknown,
Strength, truth and high employ.

When pass again the winter's gloom
And yonder azures smile,
When birds will sing and flowers will bloom
I'll lead her up the aisle.
When youth and maidens gladness bring
And envy me or pine,
My heart with raptures new will sing:
"Mine! Mine, forever mine!"

Upon these earthly golden heights
Still more and more my own!

When yonder 'mid the starry lights
Still mine and mine alone!
Through life and loss and pain and tears
Love grows though all decline;
Somewhere amid the golden spheres,
"Mine! Mine, forever mine!"

SLUMBER SONG.

Oh sleep, Oh sleep, Beloved, Oh sleep!
All things are sleeping now,
The billows on the breasted deep,
Clouds on the mountain's brow,
The winds are hushed in sweet repose,
Beasts crouch on plain and steep,
The birds and flowers their eyelids close;
Sleep, sleep Beloved! Oh sleep!
Sleep, sleep Beloved! Oh sleep
In peace and rest and calm!
Oh healthful sleep, Oh slumber deep,
Her spirit bathe with balm!

Oh sleep, Oh sleep, Beloved, Oh sleep!
The nightingale's complaint
In broken measures seems to weep
And sounds more far and faint.
The solemn silence seems to breathe
Divinest sorrows deep;
Since sorrow's heart doth slumber part,
Sleep, sleep Beloved! Oh sleep!
Sleep, sleep Beloved! Oh sleep
In peace and rest and calm!
Oh healthful sleep, Oh slumber deep,
Her spirit bathe with balm!

Oh sleep, Oh sleep, Beloved, Oh sleep!
Now take thy liquid rest!
The silent sea doth pillow thee
Soft rocked upon her breast.
The crystal fountains far below
Into thy heart doth leap.
The tides of life return their flow,
Sleep, sleep Beloved! Oh sleep!
Sleep, sleep Beloved! Oh sleep
In peace and rest and calm!
Oh healthful sleep, Oh slumber deep,
Her spirit bathe with balm!

Oh sleep, Oh sleep, Beloved, Oh sleep!
The heart beneath each heart,
The love within love's crystal keep
Doth nurse thee as thou art.
A babe upon that breast divine
What blessing shalt thou reap!
His life and love and all untwine,
Sleep, sleep Beloved! Oh sleep!
Sleep, sleep Beloved! Oh sleep
In peace and rest and calm!
Oh healthful sleep, Oh slumber deep,
Her spirit bathe with balm!

WOMAN'S CIVIC SONG.

Nature's rich, eternal passion
Ever new creates the earth.
She is rising with a fashion
That she never dreamed at birth.
Life is more and more immortal;
Great ideals on us are;
From the morning's golden portal
A new message flyeth far.
Give the woman life's best honor,
Just with man to equal stand!
Is man's load of life upon her?
Give the franchise to her hand.

'Tis the message of the morning;
Nature's ripest passion cries
Through her science, gifts, adorning,
For the woman best to rise.
Let all liberty unfold her!
Why should men deny her right?
Why should state and law so hold her
When they blot her from their sight?
Give the woman life's best honor! etc.

She has mothered up the nations,
Ever smothered down the curse:
Men and deeds that crown the stations
Are the glories of her verse.
Can this nature change its glory
If the right repeals the wrong?
Usher in the larger story
Of the woman's civic song.
Give the woman life's best honor! etc.

Life on her triumphant marches
 Cannot with unequals go.
 Those high pillared golden arches
 Dare not back the nobler throw.
 Man himself himself unknightens
 When denying woman's right;
 Man and woman blessing brightens
 When the law lifts off the blight.
 Give the woman life's best honor,
 Just with man to equal stand;
 Is man's load of life upon her?
 Give the franchise to her hand!

THE SONG OF THE SUFFRAGETTE.

Loud, loud from the splendors of vision
 A silver and trumpet-like throat
 Sings through great applause and derision:
 "Give, give to the woman a vote!
 The equal, the giver, partaker,
 With man of the day and the state,
 She serves and should rise and be maker
 Of law and the courses of fate.
 The law we will make and pay taxes;
 The same right for woman as man;
 Our rights, give our rights, or on-waxes
 The war that Great Right has began."

"Man battled and battled, all taxes
 Denying unless he made laws.
 The very same battle he waxes
 'Gainst woman whose taxes he draws.
 Each payer of tax should be maker
 Of law and the courses of state.
 We'll fight the old battle and shake her,
 Shake, shake the old earth to think straight.
 The law we will make and pay taxes, etc."

"All uplift of nature's impulsion
 Has struggled with laughter and scorn.
 To be laughed at and laugh with convulsion
 World ruling ideas are born.
 From the deep of old nature's ripe passion
 Our cause springs immortal and prime;
 Hail, hail to the world and its fashion,
 The swords and sarcasms of time!
 The law we will make and pay taxes, etc."

"Great science and virtue and splendor
Call loud on the human to rise.
In rising the stronger must tender
What selfishness holds as a prize.
Injustice all power must surrender;
Dishonor from strength must unrobe;
Rise woman, as woman's defender,
And rock the strong man and his globe!
The law we will make and pay taxes;
The same right for woman as man;
Our rights, give our rights, or on-waxes
The war that Great Right has began."

*VOTE AND NO-VOTE.

Some twenty million years ago
The god of evolution
The elements of life threw in
For gradual resolution.
Eonic ages circled round
With biologic tales,
Now these eternal feminines
And more eternal males.

Then Life arose with interest keen
And looked upon the world;
A cosmos in the chaos built,
But tempest stormed and hurled.
She now and then the final truth
With strokes of golden light
Upon the barren walls of time
Did thus in splendor write:

"Man is the mould, the fashioned form,
The god-like incarnation
Of all the elemental powers
And movements of creation.
The passions of pulsating earth,
Of planet and of sun,
Into him flow and feed him full
And round his being run."

"The currents of the ages past,
Like mighty tides that rise,

*Written as a slight protest to "The Female of the Species."

Are gathered up and focussed here
And swelling out in size.
The infinite momentums and
The solor cosmic sweep
Of this vast universe of power
Into his being leap."

"He's loaded up with passion,
He overflows with power,
He's engined with all energies,
He's bulwarked like a tower;
He's driven with electrical
Infinities of life;
More a chaos than a cosmos,
In elemental strife."

"The first and last and surest mark
Of man is vital force;
Un-broken,bridled, savage, fierce,
It wrecks him on his course.
So strong are his rough elements
He does not know his power,
But blinded by his blinded strength
He doth himself devour."

"All, all along the mighty course
The evolution keeps
Are battle fields and broken swords
And skeletons in heaps.
Old earth renews his giant strength
And armors him with life
Till he almost seems demented
Or created for the strife."

"I love the great and on the man
My eyes would often feast
Although I often spit on him
As but a glorious beast.
As selfish as the very brute
And sensual to the core
He never dreamed unselfishness
And love he trampled o'er."

"So when the moral elements
Within him came to birth
I felt a sudden thrill of joy
That never leaped from earth."

I held my breath and focussed sight
And searched the cause profound,
And then the other half of man,
The woman first I found."

"The day man finds a man he finds
A larger, nobler self;
The day that finds a woman finds
A solid globe of wealth;
The only wealth that man doth need,
The wealth that makes him great,
That thrones him on a manhood throne
And kings him with estate."

"Deep in the fairer, finer form,
On which his strength did prey
The higher germs of life had birth
And sprang forth to the day.
Out of the mother's passion pains
The sacrifices came
That struck the mighty, selfish brute
And brought him forth to shame."

"Out of her rich maternal heart
His poor paternal grew.
She bound the family, then the tribe,
And he the virtues drew.
Great nature's passion grew and burst
Into the flower of life
And man the beauty saw and smiled
And rose above the strife."

"The sacrifice intensifies
The function and the power;
The higher virtues blossomed forth
Out of the mother's dower;
The purer moral germs of life,
Law, justice, truth and right,
Were offspring of the mother's heart
Though man did lend them might."

"She mothered forth the first ideals,
She nursed them from the beast;
She is the life that gave the life
To poet, prophet, priest.
Before, behind, or close beside
To every man that's great

Some woman in the shadow stands
And lends him his estate."

"In her divine and higher sense
Religions have their force
And draw their latest breath of life
From whence they drew their source.
Music, romance and poetry
With high immortal pine
Find closest kindred in her heart
And grow toward the divine."

"But weigh them as you weigh the beasts,
The flesh against the flesh,
Down, down he goes, the heavyweight
With pride and strength afresh.
But weigh them as you spirits weigh,
The soul against the soul,
It is the fine gold to the dross,
An angel to a mole."

"Although man crowns the latest age
He's tall and straight and clean,
High guided to his destiny
By polar souls unseen.
The home and wife and daughters fair
Doth send him forth each morn,
And by these higher souls of life
He new each day is born."

"Yet something of the brute he was
Unto and round him clings;
The primal selfishness of strife
Still upward in him springs.
She's recognized, he gives his best;
But nail it up and note:
To every brute and fool the right,
But woman should not vote."

"Soon my indignant wrath now fierce
Will take him by the throat,
Against the wall, into his teeth
Shall teach him who should vote.
His selfish strength has been a curse,
Her love has been a hope,
And though he crowns the world 'tis she
Who leads him up the slope."

A WOMAN'S WAY.

"Oh dear! This daily round I hate!
The same old things, the same!
Oh for a change to any state!
I'd even change my name!"

"All right!" the youth replied, "I'll change,
And change it into mine;
Oh come! Together let us range
And feed this hungry pine!"

"You! You! Oh such a thing as you!
Such a rag, a scrap, a patch!
The last man on the earth would do
Before with you I'll match."

Later we passed a cottage neat,
A singing soul espied.
"Who is that happy heart we greet?"
"Oh! That's Miss B. the bride."

NATURE HELPS.

The wind saw Strength and Beauty fair
And laughed in wildest glee:
"I'll wed them one, true one I swear."
And on them bounded free.

Though firm he stood he muttered hard;
"It blows a perfect gale;
I fear for you, my gentle pard,
You carry too much sail."

"Oh don't mind me! I have no fear;
The sail clings to the mast.
Your arm so swift and strong and near
Will hold me safe and fast."

And now a ship is on the sea
With noble mast and sail,
And precious cargoes with them be
As drives the gentle gale.

A FISHERMAN'S SONG.

One day I fishing went elate
As all the fishers ought.
I fixed my hook with rarest bait
That ever has been bought.
Soon, soon a bite; I landed right
The trout that I had sought;
But must I tell! The beauty swell
The fisherman had caught.

She was a beauty I confess,
A pleasure to the eyes,
Her plumpy form and rainbow dress
Oh, any man would prize!
When I came home my many friends
Did wish me joy untold.
I winked and smiled and them beguiled
That I was ever sold.

This troutlike beauty home I brought
And put it in my stream;
Around, about and in and out
It darted like a dream.
Three troutlets small one morning soon
They to me smiling brought.
Oh thunder, lightning and the moon!
Caught! Caught again, Oh caught!

My trout and troutlets flourished fine,
And I, I happy grew;
And happiness is fat and wine,
A song and courage new.
My fishes leaping in the sun,
I growing young and old;
My days oft singing as they run:
"Oh not so badly sold!"

THE CARRIER DOVE.

Oh My Love, My Love! See the carrier dove
As she sweeps on her azure course!
Oh behold her there and now breathe a prayer
That will add to her wingéd force!
While I sing a song that will bear her strong,
A song to sustain her flight,

Of a double heart that is wide apart
Yet one in its pure delight.
For such prayers and songs on our earthly wrongs,
Are as rain on the withered flowers,
Are as silver dew and the morning new
On the world's decaying hours.

Oh devout ally to the loves on high
And the loves that are pure on earth,
To the golden dreams and the vital streams
From the founts of celestial birth!
What spirit of joy in the world's employ
Or natures that fly or sing,
Or like rainbows shine or with breath divine
Can such magic, magic fling?
The angels of heart with their passions dart
To thee and to all their own,
To the pansies bright and the noonday's height
And to all that we there enthrone.

Oh where is the frame and the spirit flame
So in match, My Dear, as the dove!
It well might enshrine a nature divine
From the realms of light and love.
There is peace and rest and a passioned breast,
Trust, purity, gentleness,
All in fragile mould like a vase of old
In a beautiful flow of dress;
In a beautiful white, like a bride bedight,
Drinking atmospheres divine,
On the azure skies on her way she flies
To the worlds for which we pine.

As I strain my ear to the silence dear
A music downward floats;
Sounds the gentle wings or the heart's sweet strings
In those soft celestial notes?
'Tis the heart! 'Tis the heart! for such measures start
Alone in the deeps of love,
Sweet, tender and mild and as undefiled
As in angel hearts above.
Oh never a sound that is heard or found
In hearts of the lovers true,
Can echo the thought or has ever wrought
Like the spells of her magic "Coo;"

I'll wager with thee that thine eyes can see
Her neck with a ribbon is bound;

And the knot there tied doth another hide
With most mystic twisting wound.
Oh what is the hue? Is it white or blue
Or pied with a rainbow art?
No, no, it is red. It was certain fed
From the joys of his crimson heart.
That circle and shade on her bosom laid,
That bosom of snowy white,
Are in lovers' eyes a diviner prize
Than pleasure and wealth unite.

That unfolded note just beneath her throat,
Oh tell me, Dear, what is that?
It is small and square and is written fair
And is sweet and bulging fat.
Oh! It noldeth more than the poet's lore
Or mines of the richest gold,
Or the flashing light of the diamonds bright
On the queenly brides of old.
When she breaks the seal where a youth doth kneel
And offers a glowing heart,
What hopes and delights and what azure sights
On her brain will sudden start!

Mid the sunrise hills where the mountain rills
Feeds the towns and the meadows bright,
There dwelleth a youth with a heart of truth
And a countenance of light.
At the dawn of morn in his heart was born
A dream and a dance of bliss,
Which was written warm in the poet's form
And sealed with a fervent kiss.
At the source of her line you can see his eyne
As he maps her course on high;
Through the hours and miles that her way enwiles
Do you see him watch and sigh?

Oh Thou carrier dove! Thou servant of love!
Thou art bearing a kingdom's weight;
For the heart's desire and its dreams of fire
Are more than decrees of state.
Like an arrow's flight, like a shaft of light,
Like a wingéd dream on high,
O'er city and town, mount, river and down
To thy goal, swift onward fly!
Both the lover's prayer and the poet's care
And the spirits strong above,

Will thy flight sustain through the wide domain
So sacred to light and love.

In the golden west is a virgin blest;
She is waiting and looks for thee.
At her vine-clad door how her visions soar
Up the steepes where thou shouldst be!
With cries of delight thou art on her sight
And her heart doth madly beat,
With a passion strong too high for a song
In its glad enraptured heat.
See! Her choicest gifts unto thee she lifts
And her hands are stretched on high;
On her pillowed breast be thy wearied rest
And her kiss shall close thine eye.

Oh the carrier dove! Oh the carrier dove!
Is an angel on our eyes,
Is a helpmate high to the powers that fly
'Tween the loves of the azure skies.
Yes, the carrier dove on the height above
Is a vision on our sight,
Is a morning joy, is a rich employ,
Is a deep divine delight.
Oh celestial dove, Oh incarnate love,
Be a vision on our view!
Be forever dear! Be forever near
To the loves and keep them true!

YOUNG MOTHERHOOD.

Young Motherhood! Young Motherhood!
How oft ye cross my way!
Like visits of the high and good
Ye fill our common day.
Ye float before my spirit's eyes
With something of the azure skies,
As flowers of earth
At springtime's birth
Bring dreams of something past their worth.

My eyes rejoice when e'er we meet,
What be the time or place;
Within the home or on the street
Thou always art a grace.

Through golden noon and starry night
Ye are a vision on my sight;
 But this the best.
 When on thy breast
Thy loved one smiles in slumbers blest.

Thou art the very dream we would!
 A spirit most divine!
Thou crownest every earthly good
 And blessings round thee twine.
This is rich heaven's royal seal
Upon thy nature's high ideal,
 And her endower
 Of every power
Is focussed in thy passioned hour.

Thou art a virtue that doth show
 The virtues that abide.
Oh is there sight in earth below
 Like heaven's chosen bride!
When such a bride God's loan and gift
Into her passioned breast doth lift,
 The mortal veil
 Doth off me sail
And God the mother-heart I hail.

And even when not perfect pure
 There's virtue in thy breast.
The sparks divine thou dost secure
 And feed them with the best.
Thy infant is and with it brings
A sense of heav'n and holy things;
 And in the fire
 Of this desire
Thy heart must feel the first inspire.

A world has passed away from thee,
 A world of time and sense;
Deceptions, shadows, pageantry,
 Excitements and pretense.
That world has passed thee as a dream
Swift dancing down a sunny stream;
 But let it go,
 What dream can show
A living heart with love in flow?

Another world has dawned on thee
 Of love and light within;

Another world, eternity
Untouched by death and sin.
What hosts of dreams and vital hopes
Dress kingly life's ascending slopes!
What forms of light
In beauty bright
Come from thy heart and all bedight!

Thou art not of this earthly show
Of fashion, pleasure, pride;
Thou art a glory here below,
A mother, wife and bride!
The Giver of each perfect gift
Unto himself our lives would lift;
And in thy heart
With vital art
Reveals his deep divinest part.

What sweet content! What sacrifice!
What calm and faith and joy!
What happiness! What paradise!
What wisdom and employ!
New virtues now of nobler worth
Come forth in thee with thy young birth;
Nor sweeter grows,
Nor warmer glows
The morning sun or evening rose.

Thine eyes are toward the coming years,
Thy plans are reaching far,
Thy thoughts are climbing golden spheres,
Thy purpose to a star.
What poetry of magic art
Is born within thy dreaming heart,
To so create
A royal state
As round a prince of monarchs great!

Thy ceaseless care and gentle might,
To see it full unfold,
It is a pleasure to the sight
As mortal eyes behold.
The softest and the tenderest
Both o'er the weak and slenderest
Of spirits frail
And features pale
With passions deep most gently sail.

Hear oft upon the summer street
My eyes have such beheld;
Though passing as a shadow fleet
My heart was touched and welled.
That tenderness and soft caress,
That look divine and gentle press,
Through selfish strife
With sorrows rife
It struck the rock and out flowed life.

The nobler men whom thou dost meet
Rejoice in thee and thine;
They breathe a prayer that passes fleet
Straight to the heart divine.
"Oh all supreme and mother love,
Protect them from Thy throne above;
Surround them with Thy ceaseless care
And both upon Thy bosom bear!
From sense and sin,
Without, within.
Oh shelter them till heaven they win!"

And many a man within his breast
That sense the same has felt;
A hidden something none has guessed
His icy bosom melt.
When thee and thine their eyes behold
The sealed-up heart doth free unfold,
Till deeps divine
Unbidden pine:
"Would such were mine, mine, only mine!"

Oh empty heart! Oh empty heart!
For self were none create
And none their best can e'er impart
Till heart has found its mate;
And hearts will never find their mates
Till Love the heart anew creates;
When making new
She maketh two
Both complements, high, pure and true.

Though now alone and far apart,
All loves together run;
Ye soon shall meet and heart to heart
Forever more be one.

Soft angels from the crystal spheres
Shall bring thee faith and prayer and tears,
 And round this vine
 Thy hearts shall twine
And grow up in the love divine.

ENVY.

She saw him kiss his happy wife,
 His wife and child with glee,
And half unconscious sighed and sighed:
 "I wish that I were she."
He from his corner saw her kiss
 As but the hungry see,
And starving lean for life he sighed:
 "I would that I were he."
Oh would some power the lost and lone
 That wander far apart
So guide them till themselves they found
 Within each other's heart!

THE WIFE'S RETURN.

The wife came home tonight;
 And with her came the day
That shineth round her bright
 And with her went away.
The blossoms, trees and wind
 And all of nature sighed;
The day grew sudden blind,
 And starless night did ride
Upon my heart and mind
 When steamed away my bride.

But since she has come home
 I'm happy as can be.
The murm'ring wine doth foam
 With drunken ecstasy.
My brain is all on fire,
 My heart is full of love,
And eyes have their desire.
 The happy madness of
The heavens and inspire
 Rains on me from above.

I'm wrapped in dreams tonight!...
I'm in a dream of bliss!
Our courtship at its height
A desert were to this!
A dream within a dream!
The dream divinely blest,
For beside me in the gleam
A more than bridal guest
That brings a summer stream
Into my winter breast.

Light up the windows wide!
Throw blinds and curtains back!
And let the brightness ride
Into the darkness black.
Oh light up every pane
And brighten every room!
Let light and gladness reign
And banish every gloom!
Let the house be like a fane
The souls of light illumine!

Oh call the neighbors in!
We'll kill the fatted calf!
Call all my kith and kin
To see my "better half!"
We'll spill the oldest wine
And feast on ripest fruits;
Uncork the hearts benign
With joy and song that suits;
Make this return divine
With wedding magic flutes.

Oh let the music play!
Call full musicians in!
Give them a place, I pray,
Piano, violin!
I'm nimble as the snipes,
As swallows on the wing;
I could wave the Stars and Stripes
And dance the highland fling;
I could play the tartan pipes
And in the Gaelic sing.

I'm richer than a king!
I'm larger than a lord!
Thrones and empires I could fling
Like pennies from a hoard!

Here is the poet's lyre!
Life's royal robes of might!
Here is the heart of fire,
Crown, scepter, jewels bright!
You may take your best desire
If you leave my soul's delight.

A man that has a wife,
A home that's full of love,
He is the king of life
And heir to more above.
A man with such a wife
His heaven has begun.
He is more than king of life;
He can walk or fly or run;
Has his victory in the strife
And "a mortgage on the sun."

THE CANDY MAKER.

A husband on a winter night
Was sitting in his home.
Within the open fire was bright,
Without the snowy foam.
The nursing wife with joy and pride
His honeyed praises sung;
When suddenly he stopped the tide
And this song on her flung:

"Oh wife, Oh wife! I do declare,
You have a gift divine!
A special gift both rich and rare
For sweetmeats superfine.
You are a candy maker sure
Of most delicious skill;
A genius that can sweets secure
Where others find but ill.

"Oh never yet confectioner
Of any Christmas town
Had in his windows, I aver,
Such candies of renown!
Your goods are always fresh and bright;
Your stock is never low,
Sure some one buys them day and night
To keep you busy so.

"Have you within your heart and mind
Some syrups most divine,
Or honey that the bee did find
In flowers of perfumed wine?
Did Cupid on your marriage day
Give you a ewer filled,
That such a flavor makes its way
In what your hands have skilled?

"A woman yet was never seen
Who gum-drops makes as you.
Who eats of these though he is lean
Will fatten up anew.
Though sugared o'er unto the eye
They're drops of vital health.
No woman in the land, I say,
Makes gum-drops like yourself.

"And taffy, when you taffy make
I like to see you pull.
Molasses black you twist and shake
To snowy beautiful.
Your taffy-making is your forte,
Your glory and enjoy;
You make enough for king and court
In half an hour's employ.

"When I forget myself and eat
Your candies make me tight.
I feel unsteady in my feet
And in my head am light.
Oh! Should the public chance to find
From whence my madness came,
That you by candies so did bind,
I'd die of very shame.

"I must preserve myself at once
Before it is too late.
Oh old and silly, silly dunce,
To sport with such a fate!
Your praises are a danger, Dear,
And ere they run their course
I'd better intercept the fear
And from it far divorce.

"Ye candy-makers of the town!
Oh here I advertise
A taffy-puller of renown,

A gum-drop making prize!
A new machine for finest creams,
For caramels and puffs;
She'll boom your business to your dreams
With sweetest toothsome stuffs.

"But hold! Oh hold! Don't all apply!
She's gone out on the strike.
She swears she'll scrub or starve or die
Ere work for her dislike.
And Oh, her likes are passing strange!
I'll whisper this to thee:
'She says, of all the men that range
She'll work for only me.'

"Well, well, My Dear! Work on for me!
I'll keep the solemn vow.
This touch of weakness that I see,
For thee I'll large allow.
These praises with a pinch of salt
I'll take, Oh wife, from thee.
There might be blame for many a fault,
But love is blind, I see."

SONG FOR MARRIAGE.

Oh Love, Oh Love thy portal,
Wide open, widest fling!
The hour with love immortal
The bride and groom doth bring
The promise, hour and passion
With deepest raptures sing;
And thou in heaven's fashion,
Come be the priest and king!

The queen with all her maidens,
Enrobed in snowy white,
Her glowing heart unladens,
In his, her best delight.
He in life's crowning glory,
With granite strength and truth,
In hers with sacred story
Doth pour his heart of youth.

Before love's great Defender,
Before all loving hearts,

In full and glad surrender
All to the other parts.
Two hearts and each a mortal
In love unite in one,
Now pass the golden portal
Where higher circles run.

Oh Love enthroned supernal!
On thine upon the earth,
Rain showers sweet and vernal
And wake in stronger birth
Love, peace and hope and pleasure,
And even sorrow's sighs
That grows toward thine own measure,
And toward thine azure skies.

In pure and golden morning,
Through height and heat of noon,
In eve with soft adorning,
Through night that may be seen.
Though times and change of fashion
As up and down they go,
May love grow in its passion
Like rivers as they flow.

Now sunshine build their arches,
Soft flowers pave their way,
May gladness sing their marches
From this their bridal day!
May love a form of splendor,
God's image from on high,
On earth be their attender
And angel to the sky!

THE DREAMED OF.

Spirit of the azure sky,
Princess of the heavens high,
Woman to the angels nigh!
Thou art realer than the real
Though the senses cannot feel,
Spirit of my soul's ideal!
Nearer than the noisy near,
Though no whispers either hear
Princess crowning all my sphere!

Brighter than the brightest bright
Though unseen to mortal sight,
Woman with a soul of light!
Dream far more than flesh and bone,
Heard and seen and touched and known,
Angel of my spirit's throne!

Stately, tender, tall and fair,
Crowned with beauties rich and rare,
Robes of virtue thou dost wear.
Round thee are the atmospheres
Which refines and lifts and cheers
And rebellious sense reverts.
In thy face thy soul of light
Shines and glows with color bright
Like thy passions red and white.
Rise and fall upon thy breast.
Sweetness, peace and love and rest,
Thou and them forever blest.
In thy rich and happy mind
Dawn and twilight beauties kind,
Flowers and birds and dreams divined.
Fountains spring up in thy heart,
Music, sorrow, song and art
That the worlds immortal part.

I have loved thee with a fear,
Standing far, then drawing near
Smiles and words and welcomes dear.
Love inspired a living faith
Neither life nor death could scathe,
Doubt or fear or phantom wraith.
Faith has clothed me with a power
That all hero souls endower
From high heaven's highest tower.
Power was crowned and crowned with joy
That has never dreamed annoy,
Sorrow, wrinkle, fear or cloy.
Joy seemed heaven's purest fire,
Self consuming in desire,
Growing deeper, wider, higher.

We have been together oft,
Granite strength and beauty soft,
Riding far and far aloft.
In the early morning dawn,
On the dewy splendored lawn,
Seen the rainbow curtains drawn.

On the hills where visions be
Watched rich sunsets in the sea
Till the tears were flowing free.
When the golden moon was round
Soaring, soaring, music bound,
Where the fairy dreams were found.
Milky ways of flaming night
Often circled with delight,
Growing deep and strong and white;
Then descending to the earth
Found still greater strength and mirth
In each other's wealth of worth.

I have dreamed and dreamed of thee
Till no dream could realer be,
Giving life and light to me.
Alabaster boxes fine,
Treasures, perfumes, figs and wine
I have offered at thy shrine.
Songs and dreams of fire and flame
With the robes and crowns of fame
From my breast to greet thee came.
In thy presence I have felt
Something hard and stony melt
Till in tears I lowed and knelt.
I have soared on eagle's wings,
Scorning high immortal kings,
Thrones and crowns and robes and rings.
Angel of the morn to me,
Light and peace and purity
From beyond the glassy sea!

But, 'tis as well as never met;
I thy spirit pure would fret,
Bleed thy heart and bosom wet.
I was born out of the years,
Marked for strife and grief and fears.
Weeping blood instead of tears.
Selfish, passioned and intense,
Most unbalanced soul and sense,
Heart and brains with storms immense.
I am but the common clay,
Life and time, greed, night and day,
Blinded, driven on my way;
Poor and harnessed, worked and fed
Gravel stones instead of bread
Till I wish that I were dead.

Often gladness doth me shake,
Flesh and blood thou didst not take
And thy heart I did not break.

In the ages that untwine,
'Mong the starry worlds that shine,
On eternal travels fine,
Shall we ever, ever meet,
With an equal passion greet,
And our hearts together beat?
Purged, renewed and glorified,
Strength and purity allied,
Shall I meet thee as my bride?
When I climb to thy far sphere
Shall I meet thee with a tear
That thy lover dost appear?
In my breast hear whispers fine
Piercing me like fire benign:
"Mine, Oh mine, forever mine!"

A WISH.

My Dear! Just read that foolish line!
Oh! Womankind are mad!
The only thing that is divine
Is folly fashion clad.
From reason's virtues now divorced
To folly they are wed;
And round her circles ever forced
And by her daily fed.

They need no character today.
Just anything in pants!
A monkey and a monkey's play
And money them entrance.
As man by gold so womankind
By nothing now is bought;
A nothing in an evening dress
And thousands may be caught.

The folly of their fashion's dress,
Of idle vanity,
Of pleasure, pride and wealthiness
Is like insanity.
I half believe what Darwin thought;

Fo' sure such foolishness,
Is just a monkey little taught
And togged up in a dress.

The old ideal of womankind,
A helpmate unto man,
A helpmate which the heavens find
To build their noblest plan,
Is shattered now or laughed away,
Or lying in the dust;
Like and unlike a child at play
For folly all is thrust.

To make a home was once an art;
She mothered true the young,
With God and heaven in her heart
And gladness on her tongue.
The home it was a glory then;
The mother crowned with fame;
Oh dark the dark eclipses when
Her glory is her shame!

Another spirit has the throne,
Another has the heart,
Whom both the good and wise disown
And from her far depart.
Oh anything but want of thought
And moral earnestness!
Oh anything but want of thought
And foolish effervesce!

So when I see as I must see
By word and ear and look,
I scorn them far and wander free
By forest, field and brook;
I leave, I leave them far behind,
And wander on my way;
But here I pause and for my kind
My wishing heart obey.

Oh is there not a world divine,
A world of men alone,
With woman banished o'er the line,
Or better, never known!
How many and many a man in this
By woman's folly free,
Has wished just such a bower of bliss
Where starry spaces be!

In such a world creation's lord
Grows up unto his plan;
Untolding all within him poured,
The noble world of man.
Oh world of young and happy boys!
Oh bright aspiring youth!
Oh manhood's prime which nought destroys!
Oh hoary sires of truth!

Oh what a world of manhood's height!
Oh bright celestial race!
Oh men, Oh men, ye rich bedight
All common things with grace!
To think of thee in but a dream
Oh how the passions pine!
To feel thy presence on us stream
Is sense and hope divine.

If wish can prophesy what is,
There must be in the sky
Just such a world, and Oh the bliss
To hold it in the eye!
Is that it yonder shining there?
I'll spread my eagle wings,
I'll trust the vision shining fair,
I'll follow where it brings!

I'm rising to the world of men;
The vision grows more clear;
The earth is falling off my ken;
And larger grows the sphere.
Oh noble world! Oh noble world
Of boys and youth and man!
Of all the spheres around me whirled
No brighter do I scan.

Ye envy me my noble peers
Whom I must leave behind;
But I'll remember in the spheres
And soon come back you'll find.
Then, then ye all shall go with me!
We'll leave the sisterhood;
We hope that they will better be
But we'll grow as we should.

Let hope now ante-date the day!
Gur joys they overflow;
Oh world of womanhood away!
Away, away we go!

Your follies now we free forgive!
Repent, repent we pray!
Oh world of men forever live!
Away! Away! Away!

There, there, My Dear, don't look so glum;
Nor murmur eye or lip;
For when I go I'll say: "Come! Come!
Come, join me in my trip."
Since we have met not very far
From each we've been below;
So when I wing to that bright star,
Belovéd, thou shalt go.

But hold! Oh hold! I'll take that back!
That pledge I'll hold in fee!
A gath'ring cloud around my track
Debates and pauses me.
There's danger in that happy joy
To them and you and me;
I'll leave thee here and after cloy
Come back again to thee.

One woman when the world began
Made all our sorrows stream;
One woman in the world of man
Oh who would dare to dream!
Thy spirit new before their eyes
Would kindle all aglow.
Such envy for a single prize
Would more than sorrows sow.

Alone among those kingly peers
Admired and praised by all;
Oh listen with your spirit ears!
Do whispers on them call,
Of woman's sin, her vanity,
Of woman's wish, a thrall,
Of woman's pride, insanity
In those that round her fall?

And I who love thee as my life
And life is more than heart,
From that high world to this of strife
In silence would depart.
When fallen from a golden throne,
When broke the eagle's wing,

Deserted, wandering and alone,
Oh who could soar and sing?

No, no, My Dear! When there I go,
I'll leave thee here behind.
I'll leave thee in the vales I know
Where I again can find.
I'd lose a throne and diadem,
All stars that gem the blue,
The royal spirits crowning them
Ere lose thy spirit true.

Away Oh dream! Come, come to me:
Thou art my heart's delight!
My heart shall ever stay with thee,
Oh angel of my sight!
Farewell, farewell uncertain light!
These scraps of men be thine!
The worlds pure womanhoods bedight,
These worlds and thou be mine!

THE ANNIVERSARY.

What! To-night the return of the night that was brightest
Through years of thy youth and the hopes of thy heart;
When love crowned in blossoms and robed in the whitest
Her soul and its trust in thy own did impart.

Are the bright forms of memory enchanting and streaming
Now thawing thy heart and inspiring thy mind?
May the hopes and the joys and the sweetness and dreaming
Flow down on thy soul till thy tears do unbind!

Behold in yon window are bunches of roses
For beauty and music and praise and delight;
But hers the divinest that toward thee ne'er closes
Has not worn thy rose since that long bridal night.

Then pick out the whitest or those that are turning
To faintest fine yellow and sprinkled with dew,
Or some with red tingeing as if a heart burning
With love that was crimson would waken thine new.

On branches the greenest now bear home thy roses;
Her bosom will lend them a beauty most rare;
When flowers of a heart on another reposes
They blossom and fragrance as no other where.

Oh what is this warming and melting and flowing
That circles thy heart like a draught of sweet wine?
If dreams of our past have such sweetness and glowing
Oh what would love have if it knew no decline

See! She waits at the window. Is she the same maiden
That day filled thy mind and high swelled it with pride?
The warm heart and loving can see a soul laden
If but with a thought and though smiles would it hide.

She catches the brightness and soft liquid gleaming
That love in the heart flings out through the eyes.
Its lightning contagion has waked the old dreaming
When every return brought her sweeter surprise.

Now bring out the roses, the roses whose passion
Has wide channels been for deep feeling most blest;
With manner and motion in true lover fashion
Pin them on her heart and her deep heaving breast.

Sit down by the fender before the coal burning;
Draw her to thy side and deep into thy heart,
As a lover long distant and now in returning
His loved one clasps as no more to depart

Free murmur thy heart, for the heart's deep emotion
Can find the sweet thoughts and the still sweeter tones;
'Twill be life to her heart to unseal the devotion
That deep in thy spirit her spirit enthrones.

Tell how the heart fountains afresh have been broken
That love from its pledges of truth should decline.
That time should engross thee to give no new token
Of her that is dearer than all undivine.

Ask first to forgive for the heart's hidden sorrow
Of love's unexpected and partial eclipse;
As each summer sun is surpassed by the morrow
Thy heart should grow warmer and flow from thy lips.

Thy silence and coldness in coming and going
Have cast on her heart, doubt, fear, strife and pain;
But just drop a tear and her heart overflowing
Forgives and rejoices and calls loss a gain.

Tell how in thy heart is a mansion most golden,
With deep granite base and with high splendored dome;
And blessings and beauties no mortals beholden
Are centered and queened in who makes it a home.

Tell how thy deep passions oft round her are flowing
With foaming and sparkling and murmuring joy;
While populous thoughts wingèd, mounting and glowing
Look up in her face in thy deepest employ.

She should know that her image oft round thee is winging
In street and in hall and in gain's busy mart,
With sweetness and shining and gladness and singing
To something divine that dwells deep in thy heart.

Oh has not that image upon thee cast beauty,
And led out thy mind to the splendors of light!
Oh has it not throned and enmajestied duty
Supreme and sublime on the dazzling height!

Has it not stemmed the currents that round thee were sweeping
Of darkness and power and incitements to crime?
Hast thou not felt its strong but mysterious keeping
And passed the dark flood to a safe sunny clime?

Has not her white presence with power afar banished
The dark forms of sense that arose on thy mind?
And sanctified manhood when these had all vanished
Have virtues beheld of the high heaven kind.

Has it not made thee thoughtful and patient and gentle!
Has it not taught thee kindness to man and to beast!
Has it no visions brought thee of God the parental
Who mothers all souls from the first to the least,

Thy heart's alabaster again be unbroken;
Its fragrance and sweetness and healing be poured
With tones and sweet touch and with heart prompted token,
In hers who all sweetness in thine has instored.

Oh tell it out free! for the speech will unburden
The tensions of fear and the doubtings of love;
Such weakness is strength and thy spirit will girden
With powers that descend to thy soul from above.

Her heart into thine will afresh pour its treasure,
The divine soul in both will burst forth like a fount,
From the height it descends will be the vast measure
To which on its bosom both spirits will mount.

Then, oft pick out the roses when home thou art turning,
The roses of beauty and odor divine;
Pin them on her heart and both hearts anew burning
Will know what love is when it knows no decline.

STUDENT'S LOVE SONG.

Oh blessèd night with respite bright
From study's sterner duty!
The city car bears me afar
To join my love and beauty.

My heart is bright with strange delight
As I set the bells a singing;
A moment more than at the door
My loved one greets my ringing.

So in we go to bright fire's glow,
I and my love so tender;
A cozy place, a soul sweet face
And four feet on the fender.

We see in dream the golden gleam
That gilds the coming morrow;
We hear the song of joys that throng
To drive the shades of sorrow.

We plan our home, no palace dome,
A cot 'mid trees and flowers;
But love, peace, rest, and angels blest
Will throng our trellised bowers.

We'll love and live while time doth give
To be with one another;
In heav'n above we still will love
As angel and as brother.

LOVE AND SORROW.

As on the skies and stars above
Clouds float upon the glory,
So is the brightest dream of love
Come shadows dark and hoary.
There is no love, there is no power
To save us from the shadow.
We all must pass through loss and grief
Ere reach our Eldorado.
Just as the measure of our strength
Can life decay and languish,
Our youth and joy and hope and love
Can measure out our anguish.

Though love is life's divinest bliss
And all from her would borrow
Both love and lovers never miss
Their major share of sorrow.
The heavens sing to all above,
Earth sings to wise and meanest,
That those who deep and purest love
Shall suffer most and keenest.
And yet the brightest, purest joys
Grow out of love that weepeth;
Nor angels know nor dreams can show
The joys wise sorrow reapeth.

KING AND BEGGAR.

As I wandered
Sorrow wrought
Deep I pondered
Life in thought.
Disappointed,
Driven, wined,
Disappointed,
Soul was blind.

Sudden whispers
Struck my ear,
As if lispers
In my rear
Words then mentioned
In a tone
Not intentioned
For my own.

"That's the royal
Soul of town.
He is loyal
To life's crown.
Noble, honored,
Gifted, wise,
Rich and able
In men's eyes.

"He sees stories,
Dreams and songs;
Makes life's glories
Out of wrongs;

From our sorrows
Singing brings;
Sweetness borrows
From our stings."

"Of the masses
We are least.
Of the classes
He is priest.
Of all mortals
Round that ring
We are beggars,
He is king."

Then I lingered,
Let them pass,
Gently fingered
Show plate glass.
Soon forgotten,
On they go;
Grief besotten
Followed slow.

Thou hast seen them,
Husband, wife,
And between them
Flower of life;
Dream and vision
Rich and rife,
Pure derision
On our strife.

He was noble,
She was true
And the baby
Pure as dew.
Love was smiling;
Faith was guard;
Hope beguiling;
Joy was bard.

They fed kisses
To the child;
She fed blisses
Almost wild.
Such eye-dreaming,
Fond carress,
Such love tokens
Lovers guess.

God was under;
Heav'n above;
They were rip'ning
In pure love.
Straight as arrows;
Clean as truth;
Eating marrows
Out of youth.

He defender,
Guard and gu'de,
She a beauty
More than bride.
Baby healthy
And d'vine,
All so happy
I did pine.

"Surely, surely
This is life!
Dream of heav'n,
Husband wife.
Royal are they,
King and Queen.
Beggar am I
Starved and lean."

MAMA'S ANSWER.

"Oh Mamma! Where is Papa?
I've called and called again;
But echo answers: "ha ha!"
And mocks my eager ken.
Down in the cellar shaded
I've hunted and upstairs,
And round the lawn embraided
With flowers, and everywhere.
Mid garden things the greenest
And 'mid the vines so sweet,
In places best and meanest,
But Papa cannot greet.
In and out and all around—
Mama! Why do you smile?
You know where Papa can be found,
And knew it all the while."

"Where is your Papa, Dearest?
You fancy I must know.
What in my face appearest
To whisper secrets so?
I know where is your Papa;
He never was more near.
Though echo answers: "ha ha!"
Your voice is in his ear.
He's present here and smiling
And warm and sweet and glad,
Although perhaps beguiling,
Your Mama seems so bad.
His scul aloud is singing
With music's soft repeat,
Its happy waves are springing
Against thy soul to beat.
His eyes with joy beholden
His best of earthly things,
His arms wait to enfolden
Whene'er she toward him springs.
He's close beside and glowing
To give and take thy bliss,
Toward thee his all is flowing
And waiting for thy kiss."

"Why Mama! Are you dreaming
To talk in such a style?
I never heard such streaming
Or saw you so beguile.
You sav my Papa's near me
And listens to my cry;
He ne'er before did hear me
And did not quick reply.
Were Papa's eyes soft flashing
And arms extended wide,
How soon I would be dashing
To in his bosom hide.
But Mama, Tell your story!
I see it in your eyes;
I see some shining glory
Is dancing with surprise."

"Where is your Papa, Dearest?
If you would wish such lore
Come to my heart the nearest
The mother heart has bore.
Oh arms, oh arms enfolden!
Enfold, enfold her tight!

A treasure more than golden
Oh clasp her with thy might!
Oh cradle arms parental!
The giant strength ye loan
With passion strong but gentle,
Oh hold her as your own!
Still dearer, love, and dearer,
The distance must be less!
Still nearer, child, and nearer,
Still closer on me press!
Still on my bosom deeper!
Still farther, farther in!
Still more, Oh draw and keep her
Than she before has been!
Oh body break between us!
Oh flesh, dissolve away!
Oh mortal veils that screen us,
Divide, divide, I pray!
Ope, ope, Oh spirits' portal!
Oh hearts together flow!
Oh essence most immortal,
Grow, grow together, grow!
Oh life's divinest passion,
Oh love with thy desire,
This maid in heaven's fashion
Draw nigher, nigher, nigher!
My being now is burning
With fervors like the sun,
This, this is all my yearning,
One, one, forever one!

And now from these embraces,
Come, tell me what you've found!
Love, and 'in love' are places
Where royal truths abound.

"Oh Mama! What a beating
Was in that deep embrace,
Repeating and repeating
Upon my heart and face!
Something in your breast divine
Struck like a hammer stroke,
Right here upon this heart of mine
It seemed it almost broke.
Like music with its measure
I felt it come and go,

I felt it with a pleasure
And held its rich bestow.
Joy, hope and thine own yearning
Seemed then to flood my soul;
Now through my being burning
I feel life onward roll.
Oh Mama! I am guessing
The story thou canst part;
Thy eyes, they are confessing
That Papa is thy heart."

"Yes! That is your Papa, Dearest.
He entered in my heart,
And this which there appearest
Is all his rich impart.
His thinking and his feeling,
His life and love and might
Are in me and unsealing
A sweetness past delight.
The passion and the pleasure,
The fiery, fervent glow,
The joy and vital treasure
Of heaven's best bestow,
Are in his soul enshrined,
And he within my heart,
And in them both divinest,
Oh beloved child thou art!"

BLED.

I saw upon the street
A feeble man and boy;
A perfect winter age,
A budding April joy.
Together they joined hands;
The boy was bright and gay;
The old man with his cane
Did seem to pick his way.

I paused and dropped a sigh:
"The poor old man is blind;
The little grandson leads
With cheery talk and kind."
As gradual they drew near
I watched the solemn scene;
A blind man in his night
With thinking makes me lean.

Just then as they drew near
I looked upon the boy;
Such never seemed so fair,
So pure and full of joy.
Soul loved him as I looked
And sought his eye to find.
I saw, I shook, I cried:
"Great God! The boy is blind!"

All day I could not see,
But wandered dark and sad;
A sword went through my heart
Each time I saw the lad.
And memory all that day
Did bring him to my eyne.
I bled and bled and bled
For her that called him: "Mine!"

A HEART TRUTH.

The open hearth was burning low,
The lamp beneath the crimson shade
Was mellowed to that tender glow
That tempts deep thoughts from their dark glade;
The atmosphere from strife was stayed
And filled with sprites who hov'ring round
Did bless a joyful mother-maid,
Whose infant's birth for her unbound
A world of purest love, of golden light and sound.

While sitting in this holy calm,
Her love like some celestial wine
Brought to her lips a gentle psalm,
Whose music did the child enshrine
In sleep with dreams no doubt divine.
The sleeping babe upon her breast
The cares of day did so untwine,
That love and joy and peace and rest
And motherhood divine her being full possessed.

Her hand, none soft as a new made
Mother's, with pleasure most intense
Upon her baby's face was laid
And thrilled her being's every sense;
Her circling arms, love's cradling fence,
But gentle in their loving power,

Into her soul the babe drew tense,
While on its heart she rained a shower
Of kisses pure that fed life's fragile op'ning flower.

Her eyes were clear as crystal bright
And through them looked a soul most fair
To gaze upon her new delight
With that sweet joy her heart did bear.
Her love and joy and hope and prayer
Did crowd to look through these deep eyes
And broke their alabaster rare
Upon the babe from which did rise
Such incense as might spring from pure self sacrifice.

So went her soul in its emotion
Out toward the babe upon her breast,
That it did seem some tide of ocean
Was crowding in its breadth and crest
A narrow gorge into its rest;
Or like a noble soul that brought
A love which only it possessed,
But found its power to give was nought,
And felt its heart would burst with love so over fraught.

As she sat under this sweet pain
A voice within her heart was heard,
That sounded as a sweet refrain
That being's deepest passion stirred:
"Now hast thou learned the truth deferred
When thou for light so long didst cry;
And thou canst read life's golden word
Which deep within thy heart doth lie,
About thy Father's love enthroned in heaven high."

"As thou dost love this babe of thine
The Father ever feels toward thee;
All hearts are filled from his divine,
Which breaks to give its gifts so free;
Within thy heart thou mayst see
An image faint of his the best
Which only seeks but this from thee:
That thou wilt trust his love and rest
Like thine own babe for aye on his eternal breast."

SAVED.

She kissed him in and kissed him out
Where dark foes howl and hiss.
He thought of her; his foes did route;
Love saved both with a kiss.

REMARRIED.

Oh hark again, Belovéd Wife!
The spirit's breath is sharp;
A something on the cords of life
Is breaking through my harp.
Another sweet domestic song
Doth into being start;
Oh spirit blow and let the flow
Feed her now hungry heart!

Within my dreams the other night
Were sounding golden chimes;
For we were married, My Delight,
A half a dozen times.
A half a dozen times, My Dear,
The sacred rite was read,
And every time had sweeter chime
Than any that had fled.

An image once dawned on my mind
As soft as balmy morn,
As bright as are the lights that blind
Earth's hate and greed and scorn.
I loved her with a passion white
And she responded true;
So married I that spirit high
But yet unbodied you.

At length upon a summer day,
Oh day whence blessings break!
We met and quick my image gay
Did flesh and blood partake.
Though not a word between us then,
A magic most divine
My being thrilled and I was willed
To have and call thee: "Mine!"

All through the lovers' drunken days
How often we were wed!
The bridal hour with golden lays
Unto us quickly sped.
When there before the solemn powers
The union had been sealed,
Joy's sweetest tears and happy fears
My grateful heart did yield.

When came at length our little girl
How foolish then were we!
Our hearts and minds were in a whirl
Of drunk ecstatic glee.
But I remember well, My Bride,
For heaven that hour had sent,
Each spirit door was opened more
And in each farther went.

She grew three years before our eyes,
Our hope and joy and pride;
The sun was blotted from the skies
When she lay down and died.
The world was all a dragon den
And life was blind with tears;
But married true with passion new
Were we as now appears.

The Fatherhood with gifts of grace
Purged our idolatry,
And like the Isaac in his place
Slayed each and made us free.
With God supreme within the heart
But each still more divine,
We live in love from heaven above
That cannot know decline.

Life now is like a snow crowned priest
In golden raiment bright;
He stands each morning in the east
And doth us new unite.
And as the golden hour comes round
That joined us into one,
Vast tides of glad exultant sound
Upon our spirits run.

As here upon this earthly shore,
There in eternity,
While being's starry course we soar
New married may we be!

Still more and more to each, Oh give!
Still more from each, Oh take!
Oh life and love forever live!
Forever one us make!

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

A woman thou shalt be!
This law of laws Oh scan!
On it all worlds of woman hang
And half the worlds of man.

Thou shalt stand up
Shalt see and think
The world of life
Nor from it shrink.
The truth is best,
The false is curse;
Stand up and front
The universe.

Oh live in the virtues that life alone feeds,
In noblest thoughts that the bosom rich breeds,
In feelings the purest the thinkings can give,
In motives unselfish forever Oh live!

Love me with love supremest
Above all other men.
The powers that in me teemest
Thy law to them I pen.
When I grow undeserving
That instant be thou free.
Love grows on love and swerving
Where higher virtues be.

This law of married life, Oh scan!
Help me to be a noble man.
I have the gifts and hope to be,
Soul thoughtful, generous, large and free;
But where I toil and battle life
Is mad disease and murder strife.
I need thy help. Behold the plan!
Make it thy law to make a man.

A mother thou shalt be
And wear a woman's glory!

The lovers and their child
Is life's divinest story;
It lifts and squares and cubes
Both spirits and their powers,
And leads to fellowship
The Soul upon the towers.

Artist be thou of the home
Making it more great than Rome,
Richer far than gold from Nome.
Home is woman's sphere of right,
Where an angel sweet and bright
She is glory and delight.
Home to man is virtue true,
Armors him each day anew,
Such as life delights to view.
Home unto the world is hope;
'Tis the farthest up the slope;
Here the heav'ns freely ope.
How e'er far we mortals roam
We find naught beneath the dome
Like the "Artist of the Home."

Love must pass through the dark and descend to the deep,
Sit alone in the silence and bitterness reap;
Shed the tears that are life, find the peace of the wise
And thus she shall grow to the azure blue skies.

Be a friend
Of thyself,
Of thy kind
Mindless wealth,
To the poor,
Books that pole,
Beauty, Music
And the Soul.

Forget now the laws
Both below and above!
Let life have its roots
In the fulness of love:
For hearts that love hearts
With no self-seeking pine
Find others, themselves
And the heart most divine.

THE BEST BABY.

Oh what a sweet celestial birth!
Oh what a babe divine!
Oh what a lovers' blossomed mirth
To fill their hearts with wine!
Such holy face and light within
Outbursting in a smile;
And brow with purity from sin
Or faintest trace of guile;
Such eyes of soft divinest power
For God is in their gaze;
And lips more dear and sweet, than flower
Or music-song can praise;
Such pansy-velvet flushing cheek;
Soft hands and dimpled chin;
Oh ye for joy no more may seek
For all joys here ye win!
On afternoons in summer hours
My heart knows where to stray;
I see the nurses with love's flowers
Light up life's shadowed way.
Though gazing in each baby face
I took each part divine,
United them with perfect grace
It ne'er could match with thine.
In dreams I've seen a baby bright
And called it, "Mine! Oh mine!"
As dreams fly far when hope takes flight
The baby best is thine.

"Oh Mr. Nimmo! My young heart
Leaps up with rainbow light;
From each sweet golden drop doth start
New joys toward heaven bright.
Within my soul sweet angels sing
Almost delirious mirth;
Such echoes dear around me ring
As drowns the noise of earth.
I knew your words would greet my song;
The pure unselfish youth
By instinct high is far from wrong
And utters only truth.
I sing to friends, to strangers call;
'This is the world's best birth,'
And to compare I challenge all
For beauty, joy and worth.
'Tis so; no cloud my heart can doubt;

With other babes set mine.
And every eye will single out
A babe as bright as thine.
But hold! Have I not heard you sing
With baby in your breast,
And as you soared on joyous wing
Oft echoed back: 'Best! Best!'
When your own Tom and sister Mary
Returned home to be blessed,
The elfish boy and fragile fairy
You praised and called each best.
Of every babe you say the same;
Oh! May not your heart of youth
Be shadowed by a mother's blame;
Now tell the honest truth."

Calm, calm thy jealous heart, my child!
Let love be large, divine!
A mother's heart I ne'er beguiled,
The baby best is thine.
For babies are like springtime's birth,
Or golden summer light;
Or those ripe joys of autumn's mirth,
Or winter's starry night;
Like clouds of richest sunset ray,
Or rainbows round the storm;
Or pluméd throats' enraptured lay,
Or flowers with hearts most warm;
Like silver moons in limped lakes,
Or music round the sea;
Or light from maiden brow that breaks,
Or stories of the free;
Like beauty in her flushing joy,
And all things most divine;
Like all whose presence calms annoy,
Whose absence makes us pine;
These souls possess a magic dower,
And each and all are blest;
When held within each charming power
The last one is the best.

THINE EYES.

Rich memories dear doth descend tonight,
My Girl,
I'm free from the years and the powers that blight,
My Pearl.
I am young again, in the land of dreams,
'Neath the golden morn, where the fountain streams
And the hopes of life in my being teems,
My Girl.

I recall the night that I met thee first,
My Girl.
Something pierced my heart and my spirit nursed,
My Pearl.
For the dream of dreams that was high designed
On my heart's highway did appear enshrined,
And I leaped to life at the royal find,
My Girl.

Your hair was as rich as a crown of gold,
My Girl,
And your face more fair than the flowers unfold,
My Pearl.
The rich rose of life on your cheeks did rest,
There were angel tones on your lips so blest,
And electric thrills when your hand I pressed,
My Girl.

But your eyes, your eyes, they were full of power,
My Girl,
As if fed with light and divine endower,
My Pearl.
They were deep and clear, rich and calm and wise,
Like the stars that shine in the jeweled skies
And diviner lights on our vision rise,
My Girl.

There was love and truth, faith and prayer and peace,
My Girl.
That the heav'ns and gods can alone release,
My Pearl.
An infinite trust, a divine repose,
And a something pure that forever goes,
From a godlike soul to its earthly foes,
My Girl.

'Twas a vital spell that they cast on me,
My Girl,
For they found within an eternity,
My Pearl.
I was born anew and they gave me dreams,
Fed the strangest thoughts, spread out courtal schemes
And the fountain broke that with passion teems,
My Girl.

I was drawn and stayed by thy lovely eyes,
My Girl,
And despair as hope did as often rise,
My Pearl.
I was common born, had been written down,
Was untaught in books, but a boor and clown,
And all but thine eyes did upon me frown,
My Girl.

Oh thine eyes, thine eyes, they were far too pure,
My Girl,
Than we mortals born from the sense endure,
My Pearl.
They pierced my deep and did their reveal.
What the senses are and must dark conceal
With this masquerade that doth veil the real,
My Girl.

Though I loved thee strong I was long delayed.
My Girl,
"Wilt thou be my wife?" I was sore afraid,
My Pearl.
That when after wed and each better known
That thy purer soul and thy finer tone
Would discover flaw and my strength disown,
My Girl.

So I long delayed till that sudden pall,
My Girl,
Like a winter night on thy strength did fall,
My Pearl.
Then I breathed my hope to thy happy cries,
But the gladness strong broke thy mortal ties
And my heart thrice broke as they closed thine eyes,
My Girl.

I was wild with grief, was as blind with tears,
My Girl;
Bowed and bowed and bent and was lost for years,
My Pearl.

Then the only peace to my soul distressed
Was the hour of dreams when a seraph guest
Rose upon my eyes with thine eyes so blest,
My Girl.

They are shining yet and are shining bright,
My Girl,
Two eternal stars in my starless night,
My Pearl.
They are fountains pure of divinest fire
And their sparks so quick in my heart inspire
Both the faith and hope of love's high desire,
My Girl.

Down the flowerless road to the grave I go,
My Girl,
But a hope beams bright as the lamp burns low,
My Pearl.
Shall I meet thee there? Shall thy shining eyes
To my bosom come in eternal ties
Of the life and love of the azure skies,
My Girl?

KISSING BABIES.

Swift sunbeams kiss the falling showers
And into rainbows flow;
Bright rainbows kissing fainting flowers
To souls divinest grow.
Sweet flowers that kiss the gentle breeze
Become swift wingéd sprites;
Soft zephyrs kissing summer trees,
A harp of rich delights.
Rich music on the broken heart
Becomes the angel hope;
And hope's warm kisses souls will start
And bear up life's steep slope.
All things in kissing lips of love
Or hearts of purest fire
Or aught incarnate from above
Change into something higher.
So I whose joy it is to live
With flowers, birds and sky,
Will bless this hint my sisters give
My soul to glorify.

From dewy lips I ne'er refrain,
Sweet babies least of all;
On them my kisses like spring rain
Most lovingly do fall.
Each new-born joy I ever kiss
On cheek and brow and chin;
And o'er and o'er, and never miss
The lips so free from sin.
I kiss with fingers, voice and eye,
With heart's fondest caress,
With fancies, hopes and prayers and sigh,
With blessing glad to bless.
And oft when cradled or in arms
I kiss them in my tears,
And oft with sorrows, oft with charms,
And oft with tender fears.
I kiss them in the morning light
And under noonday's beam,
In the dim gloaming of the night
And in the hour of dream.
When wide awake with smiling face,
Could love refrain from this?
Embalmed in dreams the angel grace
Seems smiling for a kiss.
I kiss them all, rich, poor, dull, bright,
Each new-born joy of time,
The yellow, red, the black, the white,
For color is not crime.
All rainbow flowers some portion bear,
Some beauty of the sun;
In all new hearts I find most fair
The universal one.

In doing this I find a bliss,
A pleasure most intense;
I ask no other joy than this
To thaw my frozen sense.
Sweet streams of pure emotion deep
Rise fountaining my heart
Like some divinest lotion sweet,
A balm upon my smart.
Its life revives the withered flowers
And hopes the young heart knows
Arise again, and their strong powers
A dream world round me throws.
Such thought and fancy, dream and vision,
Inspire the baby's kiss,
I feel in some bright land elysian,
A home of love and bliss.

We kiss at curfew's golden toll;
 Oh then the joyful sound!
 As if some great harmonious soul
 Both beings doth surround,
 And feels o'er me as I o'er this
 The heart with rapture bound,
 Or sends through my poor soul his bliss
 O'er joy so newly found.
 All rapture sounds of heaven and earth,
 All golden sights that be,
 All family joys at infant's birth,
 All fatherhood's bright glee,
 The full delirious madness
 Of opening motherhood,
 I faintly share their gladness
 And find it does me good.
 All sympathy with father, mother,
 All love to baby free,
 Lifts up the soul as love the lover
 To strength and purity.
 An act, a heart-beat or a thought
 With pure unselfish glow,
 Within our hearts has nobly wrought
 And glorified the low.

 Oh where within the dome above
 Can purer heart be found?
 Or where for hungry lips of love
 Is such a heart unbound?
 Life's cold and selfish winter breath
 Doth chill the glowing lip;
 Heart icicles of spirit death
 But seldom thaw and drip.
 Then should not I mid winter's snow
 Kiss lips of new-born bliss,
 And with the warmth of their sweet glow
 Dissolve the ice of this?
 When spring and summer's glowing heart
 Kiss mine with fervent bliss,
 And leave of their pure souls a part
 I feel impelled to this.
 The heart of trees and birds and flowers,
 Oh! who has ever missed
 To pass within their mother's bowers
 And curtained them not kissed?
 Then why not this incarnate joy?
 Why not love's latest lips?
 Why not this soul without alloy?
 This light from death's eclipse?

The life of trees is budding here,
And bird-heart music rings;
The perfumed flowers of summer dear
Through this their fragrance flings.
When God's own angels bit by blight
In kissing cradled one,
Can feed their lamps in darkest night
To brightness of the sun,
How strange one weary of his night
Should kiss the lips of love,
And doing this should win a light
And image from above?
Is not a babe God's bosom birth
First born in his own love?
And is it not with hands of mirth
To us loaned from above?
Shall being warm with God's own life,
A mirror for his smile,
Be not a light in mortal strife
And lead me out of wile?
So this pure heart doth ever start
A joy that does eclipse
With golden light the shadow night
That follows after slips.

Such crystal life of purity
Is gathered to their lips,
I trust that all futurity
Will have life's tender slips.
In other worlds as now in this,
May infant hearts be born!
And may my soul enjoy the kiss
Of life pure as the morn.
May this low heart in wand'ring far,
Both here and hence I go,
Kiss babes in climbing star to star
And thus to manhood grow!

THE WHITE SLAVE'S MOAN.

I am broken, heartless, bleeding;
Lost and stained and all alone;
Want, disgrace and death are feeding
To my heart what none have known.
But my soul is aching, aching,
For my mother's heart that's breaking.

Oh my mother! Oh my mother!
Thou didst love me like a fire.
In thy bosom I did smother,
Folded in with strong desire.
I hear thy prayers, I see thee weeping
And thy love still on me heaping.

Thou didst never in thy dreaming
Dream of this and me in here;
All the vision on thee gleaming
Was a virgin spirit dear.
May old Nature solace send thee
Stay thy heart and strong befriend thee!

Man and nature, God and heaven,
Never, never, never tell
How through night and tears and levin
I have fallen down to hell!
Heap upon me more disaster
But my secret hold still faster!

Kindest dreams kindness bestowing,
Ever visit her in sleep;
One like snow, in virtue growing
Still before her vision keep.
This is all my heart is wailing
As the light of life is failing.

THE ELEMENT OF LIFE.

When I was one and twenty
I fell most deep in love.
I feel as falls a sadness
In golden seas of gladness
From heaven high above.

When I was one and thirty
So rich did love abound
Life's vernal flinging fountains,
And beauty from the mountains
Did gird us round and round

When I was one and forty
By suff'ring soul was crossed,
By blinded, blinded sorrow,
But life from love did borrow
Far more than we had lost.

When I was one and fifty
Love so divine had grown
Our spirits and their passions
Were gowned in royal fashions
And mounting to a throne.

Now I am over sixty
And deeper still in love.
We're rising two immortals
And life is but the portals
To heaven bright above.

BECAUSE, MY DEAR, IT'S YOU.

Oh listen now, Belovéd wife!
Anew my harp I string;
Oh thou art my life of life
Another song I'll sing!
Another song for earth's annoy
My spirit doth impart;
Oh crimson love! Oh turtle dove!
Now listen at your heart.

When on the summer's golden street
I meet a maid divine,
Whose spirits pure and glad and sweet
Doth through her body shine;
White crystal soul and liquid voice,
Soft eyes and youth's endew,
I see and meet her with rejoice,
Because, My Dear, it's you.

My eagle eye where e'er she be
Knows when her love awakes;
When worlds like sunrise on the sea
Within her bosom breaks.
The gladness which the dreams above
Can never know or near,
I hail with joy and share her love,
Because, it's you, My Dear.

And when one leads her up the aisle
With orange blossoms crowned;
When more than summer heavens smile
And more than raptures bound;

When granite strength and tenderness
Are joined forever true,
The bride, the bride thy heart can guess
Because, My Dear, it's you.

When then they form a little home,
A paradise divine,
And round the queen from yonder dome
Soft angel hearts entwine;
For these who'd wish a world's domain
Though blessed without a tear?
I'd barter such and count it gain
For you and them, My Dear.

When e'er I hear a kingly man
Sing praises of his wife,
Extol the Planner and the plan
That joined her to his life,
Such thought and feeling fill the pause
Of life with music new;
I echo long the loud applause,
Because, My Dear, it's you.

And when the poet from his mind
A form divine creates
With every virtue rich entwined
That sorrow contemplates,
I gaze upon the matchless grace
And bless him saint and seer
Then quick my soul doth her embrace
Because it's you, My Dear.

When high before the throne of light
Vast spirits I behold,
Arrayed in royal purple bright
Or crimson, white or gold;
From seraph ranks or heav'n's bride,
Whose splendors blind the view,
I choose the one just at my side
Because, My Dear, it's you.

In heaven and earth, through space or time
Of all eternity,
While being's starry goal I climb
I still will dream of thee.
When mounting up the golden streets
Of each discovered sphere,
The best beloved my spirit greets
It will be you, My Dear.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

Oh Living Bread! Oh Living Bread!
From Thee all beings pure are fed.
All live from Thy heart's rich bestow
To full desire and overflow.

The angels round thy burning throne
No other bread have ever known;
They feed from Thee and so they grow
Like to Thyself in fervent glow.

The saints redeemed from self and sin
Live by Thy presence deep within;
Beneath the flesh, within the heart,
The bread of life to them Thou art.

Thou finer art than most fine wheat;
Than honey from the rock more sweet;
Fiercer than Sabbath manna fell,
And vital more than life can tell.

Thou, Thou Thyself, art living bread!
Thou, not Thy gifts our lives have fed!
Withhold Thy gifts, Thyself oh give!
And still with boundless life we live.

Oh Living Bread! Oh Living Bread!
Thou still wilt feed as Thou hast fed.
'Tis all Thy glory free to give
The bread of life by which we live.

THE WANDERER'S UNREST.

I wish I were a boy again
With mother close beside;
With heaven's lore unlearned by men,
To in her full confide.
Her heart was deep and most divine,
Its music sweet to me;
Her love encircled all of mine
As islands doth the sea.
In summer cool, in winter warm,
Or what my need each day;
A shelter in the starless storm,
A shadow by the way.

A kiss upon my wounded heart,
A touch with healing deep,
A word, a look of magic art,
A prayer upon my sleep.
My heart could whisper in her ear
At morning, noon or night,
Could tell its all, and never fear
That love the least would slight.
I have no heart to trust today,
No heart to let me in;
They bolt the doors and out I stay,
Out in a world of sin.
Not one to hear, not one to heed,
Not one to speak or weep,
So thought with sorrow's hungry greed
Upon my soul doth leap.
Oft night and day and day and night;
Bowed with the weight of life
I wish the grave would quench the light,
Death stagger on my strife.
Yes! "Men are strong!" But men are weak;
Life humbles in the dust;
The strongest need and often seek
The heart that heart has trust.
For years I have not felt a heart
Nor to a heart have spoke,
Since from those years I did depart
My strength has often broke.
Oh could I find the resting heart
From sin and self and fear,
All that I have, can do and art,
I'd pay most instant here!
I wish I were a boy again;
Where ever I may roam,
I pine and pine when on my ken
Comes mother, rest and home.

THE CURE.

He was just a nervous wreck;
Just an insane thing on deck;
Full of worry, fret and bawl
When his temper took a fall;
For the factory and the swink
He could neither see nor think;
To his family, world and plan
Wreck and shadow of a man.

Saia the Doctor: "I will give
Just six months for you to live."
Then he stormed and raved and swore
Till he fell upon the floor.
As his little family wept
Grief and loss made wife adept
In the thinking out a dream
To defeat the Doctor's scheme.

First the latest Dodge she bought
With pin money hoarded taut.
Then took lessons on the sly
Till with chauffeurs she could vie.
Then the grouch did sweet invite
To a ride around the night,
But he raved and stormed and tore
And divorce upon her swore.

"I am ruined! Such a cost
Is a crushing on me tossed!"
But when fit outran its right
They went spinning round the night.
He came home and went to bed
And old nature so him fed
That he woke up with the clock
Feeling like a fighting cock.

Now the factory and the swink
Goes along as he doth think.
He and all of his doth thrive
Since his wife taught him to drive.
See that Dodge that he doth swing!
He is balanced like a king.
He has found the fount of life
And is armored against strife.

THE DEPARTED.

Oh Maid, Belovéd Maiden!
Oh Spirit most divine!
Oh heart within the Aiden,
For thee I ever pine.
Since thou hast far departed
And left me here alone
I have been broken hearted
And would be with a throne.

I pine and weep in sorrow,
I suffer and would feign
From all around me borrow
Some balsam for my pain,
But what chalice from the fountain
Revives the dying breath!
What hope when o'er the mountain
Our love has gone with death!

The highest hopes of mortals
Were gathered up in thee.
The future's golden portals
Were bright as bright could be;
The joys the most divinest
That ever filled the heart,
Were in thine own enshrinest
And all did rich impart.

Thy spirit pure and stainless
Did cleanse me white as snow;
I thee secure and chainless
I thought to ever grow.
Thy love within me burning
Did circle round like fire,
And kindled daily yearning
To all of high desire.

Thy countenance and fashion
Ideals did inspire,
And fed them with the passion
Of pure celestial fire.
In thee was all the beauty
For which we mortals thirst
When love inspirits duty
And into actions burst.

But now these hopes have vanished,
Those joys forever dead,
The love in exile banished,
Ideals far have fled.
The morning has no glory,
The springtime has no light,
The poet has no story,
All is night, the blackest night.

As the brightest meteor splendor
Dies in a swift eclipse,

So died life's young attender,
On thy cold icy lips.
They died when then I kissed thee,
Thou soul out of my soul,
And since the hour I missed thee
The night doth round me roll.

They spread for thee the pillow;
They covered thee with mould;
The murmuring weeping willow
New sorrow will unfold.
But thy grave it is not yonder
Where tears the flowers start;
Wherever I may wander
Thy grave is in my heart.

This heart it is the sorest
Of stream or wind or trees,
Of all that in the forest
In sighing seeks for ease.
Though sweetest flowers bound it
And birds their music fling,
The memories that surround it
Can nought but sorrow sing.

Oh I would love thee, Maiden,
While time and tide shall run,
While in thy spirit's Aiden
Shall shine on thee the sun;
And when its golden splendor
Will fade and die away,
Thy memory would be tender
And green as is today.

Thee would I love as fountains
Soft silver tinkling sounds;
As splintered granite mountains
The peace that them surrounds;
As soundless, soundless oceans
The azure purity;
And as the best devotions
Of man eternity.

But since thou hast departed
The strength of life has fled;
My hope is broken hearted
And bled and bled and bled.

I cannot follow after,
Nor dream or dare or do,
When weakness mocks with laughter
All effort to be true.

Farewell, Belovéd Maiden!
Farewell, Spirit divine!
Though sin and sorrow laden
I would not burden thine.
Farewell, Belovéd Maiden!
Oh soul out of my soul!
Go on within thy Aiden
Though the storms around me roll!

SLEEP BELOVED!

Lie down, lie down, Beloved, lie down!
Long, fierce and hot the noon
His fever heat on thee has beat
And wearied thee full soon.
Thy fragile strength was not for strife
On climbing cliffs that frown;
Only for joy and gentle life,
Lie down, Beloved, lie down!
Lie down, Beloved, lie down
In peace and rest and calm!
Oh healthful sleep, Oh slumber deep,
Her spirit bathe with balm!

Lie down, my true Beloved, lie down!
The day lies down to rest;
Evening and twilight westward creep,
Night deepens on his breast.
The hosts of strength and toil and grief
No more their senses keep;
Like and unlike, Oh drink relief!
Sleep, sleep, Beloved, Oh sleep!
Sleep, sleep, Beloved, Oh sleep
In peace and rest and calm!
Oh healthful sleep, Oh slumber deep,
Her spirit bathe with balm!

Sleep, sleep, my pure Beloved, Oh sleep!
On swift though silent wing
Soft seraphs from the starry steep
Descend and to thee sing.

Their music is a life divine,
It doth thy being steep.
Song bears thee up and sad earth's tine
Is lost in blesséd sleep.
Sleep, sleep, Beloved, Oh sleep
In peace and rest and calm!
Oh healthful sleep, Oh slumber deep,
Her spirit bathe with balm!

Sleep, sleep, my thrice Beloved, Oh sleep!
Thy heart be fed with dreams!
Across thy spirit's eyelids creep
Soft forms in softer gleams!
Angels of hope and joy and love,
Oh dreams that never weep!
Ye feed with visions from above
This rich celestial sleep.
Sleep, sleep, Beloved, Oh sleep
In peace and rest and calm!
Oh healthful sleep, Oh slumber deep,
Her spirit bathe with balm!

Sleep, sleep, Divine Beloved, Oh sleep!
Soft, pure and rich and sweet
The golden fountains of the deep
Into thy bosom beat.
Then when the morning splendors bright
Shall out of darkness break
Thy lover with a keen delight
Shall cry: "Awake! Awake!"
Awake, Beloved, awake!
The morn unto thee cries;
Now both of us new life shall take
And both divine arise.

IDEAL KISSES.

Kisses, kisses, ideal kisses
Of an ideal love and blisses!
Who has never felt the burning
Of the dream, desire and yearning?
'Tis the search of life supernal
And all hopes divine and vernal;
'Tis the light that gleams and dances
On the classic love romances;

'Tis the hunger of all mortals
While between the earthly portals;
They are now the moment's story
As of life they are the glory.

Two great spirits rich and rarest,
Deep, divine and pure and fairest
Never yet was man more primer,
Princely, ripened and sublimer;
Never yet was woman queener,
Courtly, gracious and serener;
Like two spirits virtues folden
In a sunlight glory golden;
Two rich globes divine in fashion,
More divine in life and passion;
Who can dream the courtship blisses
Leading up unto their kisses?

In the morning now advancing
With the splendors round them dancing;
On the noonday plain now standing,
Hand to hand each other handing;
In the evening soft and sweetest,
Now each other gladly greetest;
In the moonlight soft and tender
Granite strength and beauty slender
Arm in arm are slowly walking
And in angel tones are talking;
From their eyes a language passes
Spirit but to spirit glasses.

Close thine eyes, thou vixen boldest,
Thus to look as each enfoldest!
Lip to lip is pressing, pressing,
Eye to eye hunger confessing;
Heart to heart is madly burning
With an infinite like yearning;
Soul to soul is passioned glowing
Like a furnace white and flowing,
And the arms each other folden
Hold a globe divine and golden,
While such passion round it tighten
As their very selves do frighten.

Now the two no more are single
Each doth with the other mingle,
All each fulness now is freeing
In the other's hungry being.

Now between them swift are flowing
Currents of the whitest glowing;
Now within each breast is rising,
Raptures that are both surprising,
Passion swelling, surging, sweeping
Up and down and through is leaping.
So divine their boundless blisses
They are weeping in their kisses.

This is just the kiss of heaven
With no earth alloy or leaven;
Just the kiss of song and story
Famous robed and crowned with glory;
Just the kiss of wise selection,
Lifted up to ripe perfection;
Just the kiss super-celestial
Of our being at its festal;
Just the kiss of love most primest
On the plane and height sublimest;
Just the kiss for which life sighest,
And with hunger ever eyest.

What these spirits now are drinking
Fathoms neither sense nor thinking;
They are drinking from earth's fountain,
From high heaven's highest mountain,
From the spacial starry oceans,
Cosmic life and world emotions;
Drinking what immortals nourish,
Draughts by which the angels flourish;
Drink the old gods love and cherish,
That renews them when they perish;
Life is in these boundless blisses,
Love has stored her life in kisses.

This is just the kiss of dreamers;
Ask the high romantic schemers;
Ask rich poets when divinest
And the wine and fire are finest;
Ask musicians when the singing
Sudden bursts with mighty ringing;
Ask great artists when the story
Bursts into its purple glory;
Ask the lovers when the rapture
Doth the spirit sudden capture;
None of common mortals measure
What these kisses can entreaure.

How they linger on these kisses,
Feeding full upon their blisses!
Still they draw out of their sources,
Rapture, fervor, fire and forces;
They immortal make a minute,
Stretch it out and all that's in it;
E'en the movies they are shaming,
By the time that they are claiming;
Has there been a life time fasting
That the zest so long is lasting?
Is there naught that can them sever?
Will these kisses last forever?

Tell me, tell me, all ye mortals,
Seeking life between these portals,
Seeking life but ever finding,
Sorrow, loss and tears and blinding;
Graybeards, matrons, masters, misses,
Would ye share these ideal kisses?
Live in love and love still cherish;
Let the selfish in thee perish;
To the heart that is thy treasure,
Give Oh give with boundless measure!
Thus through common kindly blisses,
Climb unto these ideal kisses.

"THE KID."

What blister burns upon my tongue!
What weight upon my pen!
What discord in my ear is flung!
What blot upon my ken!
What silence, grief and secret thought
Is deep within my spirit wrought,
When this dark word
So often heard
The passions of my breast have stirred!
A name just picked up off the street
Or gathered from the wild,
Where never traveled woman's feet
And men are most defiled,
A name imported from the beast
Or from the human at its least,
Is for the birth
That comes to earth
The nursling of immortal worth.

A name that never had a heart,
A conscience or a mind,
That never knew or had a part
With high celestial kind;
A name without a God divine
Or human nature's faintest sign
Is for the birth,
The hope of earth
With God's own life and power and worth.

A name with poison in its sound
For parents and for child;
A canker for all spirits round,
High spirits here beguiled;
A name with swift, contagious lust
To drag all life into the dust
Is now the sign
That parents twine
Around God's gift the most divine.

Is there a mother in the land
With mother's holy heart,
With mother passion, mother hand
And every mother part,
Could ever think or dream or dare
Her mother nature to foreswear,
And so disgrace
Her heart's embrace
As utter this upon its face?

Yet numbers of our womenkind
Though mothers, mothers not,
In heart and mind both deaf and blind
And flecked with many a spot,
In idleness and vanity
And thoughtless as insanity
This beastly name
All heart's disclaim
They brand on theirs without a shame.

Is there a father in the land,
God's image on the earth,
Would dare to hear that foulest brand
Baptized upon his birth?
Though often heard where he may roam
'Tis never heard within his home,
For flashing eyes
Whence lightning flies
Would kill the sound with swift surprise.

Yet men far more than women-kind
Are parents less than they,
Though to unfolding heart and mind
A god, a god alway.
That poisoned, cankered, leper sound
They pour upon the children round;
How can they grow
From such below
Up to the mountain height of snow!

Oh baby, baby, baby dear
With mother most divine!
Whose father is a princely peer
And virtues from him shine,
No other names but love can be
Around thy cradle uttered free.
All names of mirth,
All names of worth
Doth guardian round thy mortal birth.

"My joy!" "My hope!" "My darling child!"
"My daughter!" or "My son!"
My "Violet!" "Tommy!" or the mild
Nicknames of love and fun,
Are dear to them and dearer grow
As spring doth into autumn flow.
If such a sound
Is uttered round
High heav'n again has full unbound.

Oh may the Life of life redeem
The parents and the child!
May thought and love their virtues stream
And all grow undefiled!
The father new his birth baptize!
The child unto his best shall rise!
'Twill help to grow
From all below
Up to the heart that feeds all glow.

Oh Love that first built up the home!
It is the nation's hope;
It is the best beneath the dome
And farthest up the slope;
But all surround it selfish sense
With natures strong, dark and intense;
Thy bolts of fire
With fierce desire
Be guardian angels in their ire.

And every canker, blight and ill
 Against the home and child,
 Oh may they smite and smite to kill
 All curse that has defiled!
 All thought and love and joy and hope
 And all that lifts life up the slope
 May they defend
 And be the friend
 That makes the home earth's noblest end.

*THE GOOD NIGHT KISS.

'Twas the height and full crest of a banquet and feast,
 Of wine, music, beauty and revels,
 For the spirit of youth was relaxed and released
 From virtue and life's higher levels.
 There was one in his strength kept his spirit and poise
 In spite of upbraiding and challenge and noise
 To drink of the cup that was ruddy,
 For his clearer mind saw in his soberer light,
 Though their voices were glad and their eyes flashing bright,
 The mind and the soul growing muddy.

"Oh come on! Join the crowd! Have a drink with the boys!
 Our friendship will never be broken!
 We were kids at the school, at the college had joys,
 Give memory a trifling token!"
 "Drink it down! It is joy! In the cup we will pledge
 That we all will unite 'gainst the hammer and wedge
 Life drives between friends at all seasons."
 "Well, Old Chump, like a sport with the vein of a saint,
 We will pause in our course and will hear your complaint;
 If you can't take a drink give us reasons."

"I will tell thee a tale if ye hark to me now,
 A tale to this revel a stranger.
 By the speech of the hour and the light on the brow
 My friends I can see are in danger.
 From a friend to a friend should be friendship and truth
 With the generous heart and the virtues of youth,
 A friend is the best of all lovers.
 I will speak to the heart and a story relate
 That may speak to my friends like a message of fate
 With truth that the spirit recovers."

*The essential experience of an acquaintance.

"From the day I was born was a brand on my name,
My father the curse did entangle.
Both the physical strength and the spirit of shame
Were stilled by the demons that strangle.
On the bounding young life when the fountains are full,
When released from the past and the future did pull
A cloud o'er the glory oft darted,
For a memory dark on my vision would stream
Till I flush and I flamed and I wished it were a dream,
The nameless yet clinging departed."

"There was one that was left; she was more than the two;
With prayer, wisdom, counsel and honor
That this boy might be man and be sober and true
Was burden and burden upon her.
As a boy I was blind. As a man I can see
That she slaved for our bread and to educate me
She poured out her life like a river.
Both the flowers in the field and the lights in the skies
And the perfumes divine and the beauties that rise
Should crown and encircle that giver."

"When tonight I go home ere I mount up the stair
A call I shall hear from my mother.
I shall go and bend down o'er the white growing hair
And kiss a "Good Night" to each other.
This is always the way. She is now wide awake!
She will keep the long watch till the morning doth break
As shadows and fear round her darken.
She will hear the low sot as he staggers his way
And a prayer will arise to the god of the day
As she dreams of her son and doth harken."

"Thought it seems just the course of the parent and youth
I cannot help thinking and thinking,
It is just mother's way to be sure of the truth,
I have not yet started to drinking.
I have got to kiss mother tonight ere I rest,
As a smell of a drink would be death to her breast
I still will be son to my mother.
I have told you my tale and the truth in the song,
May it justify me and thee armor most strong
And bind us as friends to each other!"

With the strength of a giant that only can lift
What falls from the height of the summit,
Both the tone and the truth in the hearts of the youth
Went deeps yet unsounded by plummet.

"Thou hast cut to the quick!" they all answered and flashed
And the wine brimming cups into fragments were dashed.

"Thou hast been to each heart as a brother.
Let us all clasp our hands! Let us sing a new song
In a brotherhood large that will bind us most strong,
And henceforth be sons to each mother!"

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

No. 4

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Oh raise it o'er the home!
And raise it with the spirit
That marched in conqu'ring Rome!
As freedom feedeth manhood
Oh lift it to the dome!
The Stars and Stripes are glory
And far outvalue Nome
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Within the sacred shrine,
Besides the holy altars,
Oh raise her up divine!
Give ample place and honor,
And shout with all the free:
"The Stars and Stripes forever
For home and mine and me!"

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Oh teach it to the young!
There's virtue in her bosom
For head and heart and tongue.
She's grandeur, grace and glory
And passionate song is sung
That fits the noblest measures
Around the altar sprung
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
On life's first opened eyes
Lift her on the passions white
As glory life should prize!
She's sacrifice and honor
And glory to the free:
"The Stars and Stripes Forever
For home and mine and me!"

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Upon each sacred day

The children like the fathers
Most beautiful array.
Oh kindle bright the embers!
Old Glory let them sway!
The nation's story singing,
Send, send them on their way!
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
That bosom full unfold,
Her hopes and dreams and mem'ries
Upon their eyes be rolled!
And all together sing the song
The day sings to the free:
"The Stars and Stripes Forever
For home and mine and me!"

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
As up they mount the spheres,
Ope thou again the bosom
The growing soul reverts!
Old Glory is a banner
Life bathed in blood and tears.
The more with her enamored
We triumph over fears.
The Stars and Stripes Forever
When boy becomes a man,
When girls are blossomed beauties
And other homes they plan!
Shout, shout as mem'ry bringeth
Her battles for the free:
"The Stars and Stripes Forever
For home and mine and me!"

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Oh plant it round the home,
Round White House and the cottage
As oceans round us foam!
She brings the strongest manhood
Like citizens of Rome,
Life, sons and daughters nursing
As free as heaven's dome.
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Hark, hark, there is a shout!
Each home within the nation
Lifts up and flings her out,
All singing with the passion
And victories of the free:
"The Stars and Stripes Forever
For home and mine and me!"

THE HOME ANGEL'S SONG.

Oh angel divinest that guardeth love's portal!
And never afar from the temple doth roam,
Who art sceptered and purpled and crowned an immortal
O'er subject and empire and blessings of home.

Oh sing us a dream to beguile the long leisure!
A song that embalmeth the best of a heart,
Which cast in a flow and mellifluous measure
Shall lift man on high from the things that depart

"A husband of years but forever a lover
Returned to his home when the sun was on high;
Returned from the strife to the sheltering cover
Where his faith and his hopes and his happiness lie."

"He found his beloved on the bosom of slumber,
A bosom that rests on the bosom divine;
Its rise and its fall and its low breathing number
Is life, love and hope to the mortals that pine."

"He sat by her side and gazed long on the sleeper
Unconscious of all save himself in a dream,
He looked and he looked like an angel guard keeper
Who looks through the flesh to the spirits that gleam."

"In silence he looked, both in silence and scrow,
While fountain-like motions within him awoke.
The hand of his strength then a softness did borrow
And pressed back her brow with a velvet-like stroke."

"He stooped and his lips with some still softer kisses
Her spirit light touched with the warmest desire;
That bosom of sleep or his soul's vital blisses
Is feeding her now with the passions of fire."

"Then, then I beheld how the strength of his passion
Had opened the seal on the fountain of tears;
The warm crystal rain that the dew drops might fashion
Were sprinkled most free o'er their swift married years."

"Swift up the steep height and before the great Giver
I saw him bow down in the spirit of praise;
When after he rose, like a glorified river
There flowed from his heart a rich volume of lays."

"Commending his love to the home's great Defender
He passed once again to the murdering mart;

But soul was enwrapped in the visions of splendor
And fountains of life were aburst in his heart."

"The wife soon awoke from her noonday repose,
Refreshed by the pulse of a heart quickened stream;
She felt in her soul the rich glow of life's roses
And smiled as she said: 'Oh what strength in a dream!'"

THE FIRST DREAM.

Though I'm a boy and like the boys,
I like the girls the best.
They are indeed the fairy joys,
The fairy spirits blest.
They dance before the dancing eye
Like flowers within the light,
And when in sweetest dreams we lie
They dance like stars of night.

I think I never was so glad
As once within a dream;
A fairy in her muslin clad
Was with me eating cream.
It was an hour of sweet delight,
But Oh she filled my bliss!
She'd come again. Then said: "Goodnight!"
And crowned me with her kiss.

Though it was dark when I awoke
The room was full of light.
I saw her turn and smiling broke
Another sweet: "Good-night!"
I could not sleep again for hours.
That promise and that kiss
Drew me into her fairy bowers
To meet her in my bliss.

She has not come; but she will come;
I wait her day by day;
She is not deaf nor am I dumb;
She listens and I pray.
Perhaps she may be here tonight;
Her heart is full I know
To hear me tell our past delight
And with her promise glow.

So if my fairy love is here,
Oh fairy of my heart!
I want you now; and Oh come near
And never more depart!
A fairy home and fairy love,
A fairy life divine,
We'll make our earth a heaven above
When both our hearts entwine.

HOME.

What is home?
Home is where the Soul above
Comes and dwells and fills with love;
Where the bridegroom and the bride
Lovers are through time and tide;
Where the angels of their joy
Grow to live in Love's employ;
Where the living fountains burst
Flowing life to all athirst;
Where the pulsing atmosphere
Doth all welcome, rest and cheer;
Where the spirit from above
Spreads contagious life and love,
This is home.

MOTHERHOOD'S DESIRE.

Spirit, spirit, all parental!
Father of all light and love,
Of all spirits pure and gentle
In the earth and heav'n above!
Hear the prayer my heart is singing
For this heart unto me clinging!

Send an angel, Love the warmest,
That from thine own heart doth glow!
Love defendest, guidest, formest,
Purging life as white as snow;
May she come and with no fleeing
Round my babe unfold her being.

Purity is Love's twin sister,
Whiter than wind sifted snow,

Is life's greatest sense resister,
Sense that fill the world with woe.
May she come with life the rarest,
Simplest, sweetest, richest, fairest!

Truth is very Queen of heaven
Though a stranger in the earth;
Shelter from all blight and levin
She imparts celestial worth.
May great Truth be her attender,
Nurse, companion and defender!

Faith for her my heart implorest,
She dwells nearest to the shrine.
Out of her rich heart there pourest
What makes woman most divine.
Faith be unto her a mother
From this world unto the other.

Bid them circle, soul expressing!
Bid them follow singing lore!
Bid them lift their hands in blessing!
Bid them guide her way before!
Bid them feed her early dreaming,
In her soul their virtues streaming!

Singing, smiling, shining, glowing,
May they lead her through the years!
Give, oh give their overflowing
In all losses, pains and tears!
Guide her through the night and levin
To the morning gates of heaven!

These ideals, dreams and visions,
Make them real unto her heart!
Though they are the world's derisions
They the soul alone can chart;
Peace and joy and hope attending,
Honor, courage, strength defending.

WOMAN.

A little flash,
A soldier's dash,
Some golden cash,
And many a woman goes in smash.

THE REJECTED'S FAITH.

"There's just as good fish in the sea
As ever yet were taken;
"There's just as sweet fruit on the tree
As ever down was shaken;
"There's brighter seraphs in the sky
Than mortals have beholden;
"There's dearer maidens by and by;
I'll wait the season golden.

THE NEW ADVISE.

"If you would keep your husband's love
And find the fruitful root,
Of virtues all, below, above,
Then feed, just feed the brute."

"If you would have a wife divine,
A heav'nly kingdom rule,
The all for which man's heart can pine,
Then dress, just dress the fool."

THE WIFE.

House-keeper, cook, chamber-maid and harlot
Is the life
Of numbers vast who hide the wretched blot
Behind the name of wife.

A helpmate, a helpmate to the best ideal
Is the wife
High heav'n ordains and is the royal seal
Upon the strength of life.

NATURE'S BOUQUET.

Old Nature smiled and sent to me
A rare bouquet of flowers.
She knew I loved the beautiful,
But bound in courses dutiful,
Still loved her though so sootyful
I battled with the hours.

When I came in and saw the sight
I stood in blank surprise.
A something new and deep in me,
A higher soul asleep in me
With sudden start did leap in me
Like visions on the eyes.

Quick down I sat with hungry greed
Before the banquet feast.
I drank the most divine in life;
It seemed the very vine of life
Was crunching out the wine of life
Unto a poet priest.

The green was gladdest, growing green,
The white was heaven's white,
The purple, red and golden hues,
Pinks, lavenders and olden blues,
All vital with unfolden dews
Did quicken with delight.

The fragile, fair and fondest forms
Seemed summer elfins nigh;
And soon the fairies dancing gay,
With backward, sideward prancing gay,
And singing, smiling, glancing gay,
Waltzed right across my eye.

But Oh the fragrance, fragrance sweet!
It seemed the breath of life.
I passed beyond the portal dreams,
Beheld the high, immortal dreams,
Lived in majestic, courtal dreams
With passions rich and rife.

Soon, soon the magic flowers divine
Took on a rarer grace.
The dream of all the dreams of life
Eclipsed all rainbow gleams of life,
With smiles that were the creams of life
Stood with me face to face.

And then I gathered up the flowers
That had my spirit blest;
And with a smile, a touch, a bliss,
No lover thinks too much amiss,
And crimsoned with just such a kiss
I placed them in her breast.

REJECTED.

"Wilt thou be mine, Oh maiden heart!
Be mine and mate with me!
I've vast estates and all will part
In dowry unto thee.

Behold the ocean's purple deep!
It whispers, sing and smiles;
For me and mine it secret keeps
Ten thousand golden isles.

"These flying ships with purple wings
Unto us 'Welcome' hail.
Across the sea a message rings
For me and mine to sail.

"There mountains, rivers, cities, plains
Have palaces like snow;
All portals ope with singing strains
For me and mine to go.

"There nobles of an ancient race,
Princesses pure and sweet,
And mighty peoples virtue grace
Both me and mine will greet.

"There silver, golden, purple gowns,
Bright jewels rich and rare,
And flower-like jewels as of crowns
Both I and mine shall wear.

"From this far seeing mountain peak
Behold a king's estate!
All, all I give; Oh, maiden speak!
Be mine and with me mate!"

"Oh poet, king, soldier and priest,
I've dreamed and dreamed of thee;
But in the dream another dream
Is dearer far to me.

"Hadst thou ten thousands times the wealth
Of kings the most divine,
And gavest less than all thyself
I'd be no mate of thine."

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN.

A thing in pants,
A passing glance,
An evening dance,
And all her being is in trance.

A coquette's play,
A marriage lay,
A golden day,
Then shadows darken round her way.

A baby's morn,
A father's scorn,
A bosom torn,
And to one grave they both are borne.

A silence deep,
A hopeful sleep,
An angel keep,
We pray be round her flowerless heap.

GRANDMA'S MARRIAGE.

"What! Married again!" "Yes! Married again!"
Though winter wreaths of purest snow
Softly circle the brows of three-score ten,
Our hearts have retaken the marriage vow,
And few of the daughters and sons of men
At the altar bow
With a tithe of the love that we do now."

"Why this flashing scorn? A love like the morn
Feels not the clouds that around it burn.
Thy reproachful tone like a poisoned thorn
May not pierce the armor our joy imparts.
In the purest love there is always born
Most celestial arts
To sweeten the pain from the world's keen darts."

"Oh why should we be if with age doth flee
The friends and fruits of our life's long years!
From my cradle hour until I am free
I will loose no soul that will mine endower.
To revive thy love and its joy in me
I will rain a shower
To waken the strength of its dying power."

"In paradise bright of supreme delight
When I was young and a maiden free,
In gathering flowers to adorn the night
A spirit I met as a radiant dream.
He awoke my love and like morning bright
Poured a crystal stream
Sweet into my heart with a rainbow gleam!"

"Oh rapturous days! Oh delirious ways
When spirit soared upon seraph wings:
Oh the hope and dream and the blinding maze
When the heart unseals like a jeweled mine!
How worlds in the world will forever blaze
If the love divine
Dwells deep in the heart with a free untwine!"

"The heaven and earth were as glorious dreams;
We strolled through noon and the starry night;
Nature's fountains flowed with divinest streams
And we drank and drank and our spirits fed
On the marriage day that forever gleams.
As a dream quick sped
So the days soon passed and our lives were wed."

"Then a girl or boy to our gladdest joy
Old nature gave as a world of wealth.
They were pleasures sweet on the brief annoy
And spread in our home as morn on the earth
An experience sealed from the lovers coy
Till their infant's birth
Unfolds their love in delirious mirth."

"To man grew our boy, to woman our joy
As night and noon to their high estate.
All our riper selves and without alloy
To our younger selves did their fulness bart.
To behold them grow and in high employ
Each all did impart
As generous roots feed the flowers' fair art."

"O'er the glassy wave which the rainbows pave
They sailed away to the bridal isles
Where spirits divine they both won and gave.
My virgins as fair as the driven snow,
My princes pure as the love they did crave,
I have seen them go
To the isles where men to immortals grow."

“When ‘Baby’ was gowned and with orange buds crowned
And rode away to the sunset hills,
With surprise and fear we awoke and found
That loves in a child may be torn apart,
May forget themselves and seldom unbound
With the lightning dart
That enkindled first and sustained the heart.”

“So a misty rain from a lofty plain
Fell gently down on the sacrifice.
Soft, Oh soft it fell, but the hidden grain
Felt the life and sprang with a promise bright
That eclipsed the past, as the sunsets reign
With diviner light
Than the morning does with his splendors white.”

“Now an altar fire with a new desire
Is kindled, flames and with passion burns.
From the higher spheres is a high inspire
So impassioned tense that our natures kneel
In the hush of a new and ascending lyre,
And another seal
Receive on our hearts to our joy and weal.”

“It is peace and psalm; it is healing balm;
Repose and rest and another dream;
Till in some fixed hour the celestial calm
On its bosomed strength will enwrap my love;
For a moment than like a desert palm
Or a widowed dove,
I will mourn and wait for my call above.”

“Where love is enthroned and forever ‘oned,
In angel songs that are most divine,
Where the precious souls here a moment loaned
And diviner formed through the strifes that plow,
Where the love here lost is forever owned
Again we will bow
And again retake the eternal vow.”

“Through the golden, green and the silver spheres
That beckon forth to the universe
We will travel on through eternal years.
I can hark and hear the immortals chime
A celestial song on the mortal ears,
Calling out of time
To mount up the planes of that married prime.”

"Oh forgive the scorn! Give, give me a place
In hearts and minds that forever love!
'Tis a glorious creed, 'tis a crowning grace
And a spring of hope in our blighted earth.
May the loves all grow and their courses trace
With the higher mirth
Which the spirit finds with each new rebirth!"

THE SWEETEST OF THE SWEET.

A song, My Dear, fell on my heart
Too pure and rich to die.
So it to you I now impart,
To others by and by.

The snows of three score happy years
Were lying on his head
But his high heart and twin soul spheres
With glowing fire was fed.
About him round were freely strown
The blessings of this life,
Were lands and gold and on a throne
Above them all a wife,
A wife that filled his growing heart
With life's immortal love,
With love that never can depart
But lifteth all above.
All, all his heart was given her.
Love never can withhold;
When giving self he did confer
The trifles of his gold.

It was his joy to give his gifts,
And as to us the sun
Sends golden splendors through the rifts,
His blessings down did run.
And once a check to money street
He wrote out proud and bold:
Pay to "The Sweetest of the Sweet
A hundred coins in gold."

In at the banker's window there
She passed it, and surprise
Fell on the banker in his care
And wonder on his eyes.

"Why, this is strange! Unusual name!
'The Sweetest of the Sweet!'
The gentleman has here a claim
But who are you we greet?"
"Oh! I'm the 'Sweetest of the Sweet,'
And he's the best of men.
You need not fear for he will meet
The order of his pen."
"Well, sign your name here on the back.
I never go on trust,
But in this case I'll leave the track
And trust you, for I must."
She took the pen and wrote her name
The name of Susan B.,
And handed in with happy frame
The lines so plain to see.
He counted out the proper sum
And drew the check inside.
He stood a moment as if dumb
And then instinctive cried:
"Oh this won't do! We cannot pay
A cent to Susan B.,
We only pay our gold today
Unto the name we see."
So once again she took the pen
And signed it as was meet
And wrote down there for every ken,
The Sweetest of the Sweet."
So then he counted out the gold
Without a shade of doubt
And with a smile that volumes told
She slowly passed on out.

The banker dreamed of his old love
He lost so long ago,
Whose angel spirit winged above
And left him dark below.
In all his clerks it kindled dreams
The purest of all life,
And maiden forms in radiant beams
Came as betrothed and wife.
They voted all that such a name
Was never in a bank;
It should be hung up in a frame
As of the highest rank.
So it was framed and on the wall
It hangs above their heads
And mid the frenzied fiance thrall
A saving magic spreads.

And I'm that old man's son, My Dear,
And you whom now I greet,
Her one successor and her peer,
"The Sweetest of the Sweet."

THE POETIC WIFE.

"Hello Tom! You're married now.
You are tight within the vow,
Can't be free without a row."

"I don't want to. 'Twas the best
I ever did. I am blest,
Drinking life with zeal and zest."

"Well, I'm glad, and have you found
Some gold mine or silver mound
Hidden in the sacred ground?"

"Not exactly, but as good;
Better than if so I should;
She inspires our humanhood."

"And besides she verses reads
And upon your singing feeds,
Sayings: 'Music spirit leads!'"

"She likes poets! Such a mate!
I am sorrow for your state.
You are tangled up with Fate."

"Fate was sore. In this disguise
Did deceive your heart and eyes,
Gave you of her kind the prize."

"There's a magget in her brain,
Cog has slipped out of its train,
There's a screw that needs a strain."

"Here's my kit. This driver take!!
Find that screw and though she shake
Send it 'home' just to the break."

"All right, Friend! I'll do just that.
I'll take off her bridal hat;
And that screw find in the fat."

So he went and later when
I asked as we met again
If the screw came to his ken.

"Sure! I went home and took her head,
Held it in a vice and said:
'I'll find and turn that screw up dead.' "

"Then I fingered round her bumps
As among rough stones and stumps
Till at last I cried out: "Trumps!" "

"But the slot I could not find
Though I looked till nearly blind,
Then in rage I was unkind."

"Blind I took the driver head
Struck the bump to make it dead
Till it swelled up large and red."

"Good! You're the man just for a wife;
You'll be king and lord of life;
For your march we'll play the fife."

"Keep her at the height of prose
But below poetic glows.
Ask the poet for he knows."

"Keep, Oh keep her just between
Shadows and life's rainbow sheen,
Thoughtlessness and sorrow lean!"

"Let her read but never write
Life's poetic fancies bright
For the dreams both bless and blight!"

"Poetry is vanity,
In a wife urbanity,
In a man insanity."

"Oh! You are just a little sore,
But through Life has blindly tore
She through you adds to her score!"

"She has written out some thought
That to grief alone is taught
And the wise have ever bought."

"Now and then strikes out a sound
That the soul in soul has found
And to which musicians bound."

"Here and there has struck a line
That just veils the truth divine,
Beauty doth admire and pine."

"But the bump, the bump did break
And the maggot, screw or ache
To full freedom did awake."

"Now the wife not only likes
Poetry, but freely strikes
The lyric lyre as hammer spikes."

"She is full of song and fire,
Strikes each day a nobler lyre,
Mounting up in her desire."

"I go singing like a lord,
Always armored with a sword,
Fighting for a queen adored."

"Thank thee for the sage advice,
For old songs divine entice
Life and Love to paradise."

FAT MEDICINE.

Tom has a little girl as frail
And fragile as a cloud,
What time they through the azure sail
As spotless as a shroud.
Her mortal frame could hardly claim
A spirit mould to be;
More like a dream for soul doth seem
So bodiless and free.

She weakness is and tenderness,
Just pallid flesh and bone;
A lily-flower of slenderness
By child play overthrown.
Oft ailing, sick and feeling pain,
And always weak and lean;
Her mortal race to woman's grace
In doubt is often seen.

The doctor feeds her appetite
With medicines for fat;
But they have failed when best applied,
As worthless this as that.
So, as often as she comes to me,
Or I to see her pine
I go and see and give her free
Some medicine of mine.

I fold her in my bosom deep;
My kisses on her dart;
And with each kiss there is a leap
Of something to her heart.
I kiss her o'er and o'er and o'er;
With every kiss there goes
A portion of the crimson store
With which love overflows.

The pennies, toys and candies sweet
Are sandwiched in with kisses;
And when our hearts together beat
There is a glow of blisses.
"Oh Honey! this will make you fat;
This medicine is fine;
Just feed the doctor's to the cat
But take a lot of mine."

So by the medicine we all
Unto her freely give,
Just like a flower beside the wall
She gathers strength to live.
And as to girlhood up she grows
She slowly leaves behind
The sickness, pain and mortal foes
That round her cradle twined.

Oh lovers, lovers, lovers glad!
No need to tell to you,
This medicine has ever had
A heart of crimson hue.
Ye both have found what doctors miss
And wise men often scorn:
That love is life and in a kiss
Life's strength is often born.

Oh husband bare, behold her there!
Is she not growing lean,

Who once was young and fresh and fair
As eyes have ever seen?
Oh use this medicine of mine!
I'll wager you a hat
That she again will grow divine,
And you grow green and fat.

Oh wisdom, age and hoary time!
'Tis life and love and joy
Which kisses sweet but sets to rhyme
That saves us from destroy.
Your sorrow, greed and hate and scorn.
No strength can ever give.
Ye never kiss and always miss
The life by which we live.

Oh children, maidens, men and all
Let us forever love!
Then heav'n itself will either fall
Or we rise up above.
Oh love, oh love that never dies!
Oh love that overflows!
Within our bosoms gently rise
And feed these infant glows.

IS HE MARRIED?

Is he married?
That's the quest
That all women
Ask with zest
Of the poet
In the hour
Fame and honor
Round him flower.

"Sure, I'm married!
Have a wife
Who's the fountain
Of my life.
Virtue, beauty
and delight,
Like an angel
On my sight."

"She's the glory
Of her kind,
More than morning
To my mind.
I could barter
All my pile,
Earth and heaven
For her smile."

"Each the other
Doth complete
Strong as granite;
Pure and sweet;
Both together
Are one soul;
Each the other
True doth pole."

"If not married
How could I
Of this spirit
Sing and sigh?
Raise around her
Forms of life
Each one singing:
'To my Wife.'"

"Oh believe it!
I am wed,
Harnessed, happy,
Strong and red.
Wife and babies
Round me ring
And the lover
Can but sing."

"Don't believe it!
I'm alone,
Single, chainless
And my own.
Free from burden,
Care and strife
That's the dowry
With a wife."

"I am single,
Light and free,

Like a dreamer,
Bird or tree;
Like a singer,
Sword or song,
Independent,
Bold and strong."

"Was I married
Could I sing
These home measures
On the wing?
Who e'er married
And then found
Music, beauty
In him bound?"

" 'Sang I single
Sweet of love;
To be married,
Heav'n above!
But when double
Then my harp
Sang of battle,
Strife was sharp.' "

"Did a poet
E'er before
After married
Sing such lore?
In the marriage
Lovers die
And then changes
Song to sigh."

"I am single,
Bright and free,
Fat and laughing,
Shine with glee;
Soaring, circling
Round and round,
As an eagle
Sunward bound."

"Don't believe it!
I've a wife
Crowned and sceptered
O'er my life.

Sovereign empress
Of my heart,
Radiant angel
Of my art."

INFLUENCE OF BABY.

I've studied my dear baby girl
Since heav'n gave her to me:
When gazes her blue eyes in mine
Her little heart I see.
I've watched her many an evening hour
From play till bed time still,
Yet never in her crystal soul
Could see a trace of ill.

When e'er I hold my little girl
Close up against my heart
A fountain warm and sweetest life
Within my soul doth start.
In rapturous joy and tenderness
I draw her closer still;
There's nought like her upon my breast
In this wide world of ill.

My tears oft bathe her lily brow
When sleeping on my heart,
Since then I feel from her pure soul
To mine she does impart
A sense of woeful chance and loss,
Of evil, guilt and shame,
As I have soiled the spotless robes
In which I hither came.

Oh could I be as baby dear,
Pure as the driven snow!
All that I have and am today
I gladly would forego!
I'd pass through seas of cleansing fire
If I might reach the shore
Which baby's feet are treading now
And I have trod of yore.

Oh Soul divine, for help I cry!
The world of sin I flee.
Oh make me as in years ago
When first I came from thee:

Oh shed thy love within my soul!
That cleansing fire divine
Till in my heart again I feel
Pure as this child of thine.

THE WHISTLING GIRL.

Oh the whistling girl is the girl for me!
So happy, so bright and so charmingly free!
With her heart most full and an overflow
Like a crystal stream or the winds that blow.

A heart that is full of delirious life
Will unfold itself in harmonious strife;
Be a strange combine of a girl and a boy
And them both at once in their wildest joy.

The elements rich of the pure and free
Like the fountains burst in their gurgling glee;
And what a surprise that the heart of life
Through the maid should sing as a whistling life!

We will name not now the piccolo notes
Which the instrument on the evening floats;
And the whistling breath of the artist's lips
May the simple play of the maid eclipse.

Her notes may not rival the bird that mocks
The cage or the branch that her passion rocks;
Nor the piping sound of her sisters fair
Should we measure now with her artless air.

But the bristling pride of the neighbor's boy
She will often shame, and her bubbling joy
Will cast on the wind an echoing laugh,
That is borne away like the flakes of chaff.

See the mother fret and the father scold
At the tom-boy girl and her nature bold,
For the family line with its long uncurl
Was never disgraced with a whistling girl.

And the uncles come and they smile or stare,
And the aunties come and are bowed with care,
And the cousins come when they hear the fame
Of the whistling girl who is past all shame.

The gossiping few that are always found,
Behold her and hear and they gather round;
On the lips, the lips, what a burdened sigh!
But the heart and eye they are double dry.

Oh the whistling girl! Oh the whistling girl!
How the faded maid and the jilted churl,
Turn the heart and ear that her unbefriend,
And whisper the story of some "bad end."

Oh leave her alone! Let her childish heart
Find a free express in all innocent art!
For a sight like that in a world like this
Were a parent's joy and a poet's bliss.

Oh leave her alone, for old Nature said
To such blighting souls whom the night had fed:
"The girls that whistle like hens that crow
Will make their way wherever they go."

They will make their way as the birds that sing
After winter's blight in the happy spring
Make way with a song to our hungry ears
And open the fount of our healing tears.

They will make their way as the morning lark
Doth rise from the vale and the shadows dark,
And above the hills in the sun's first rays
Unburdens her heart in delirious praise.

They will make their way as a few stray notes
From a wife or a child or a loved one floats
On the heart of man, and the strength of life
Is engirded strong for the day of strife.

They will make their way as a sinless child
Can enter the heart of the sin defiled,
And banish the sorrow of long dark years
And inspire a hope in the midst of fears.

They will make their way to the woman's years
With a grace beloved but seldom appears;
Both a heart and mind that is poised at rest
And in blessing all is the one most blessed.

They will make their way to a noble heart
And receiving it will the more impart;

Both a hope unknown and a faith divine
And a helping life that will upward twine.

Oh the whistling girl is the girl for me
For the kind of fruit in the bud I see!
So, my song, go forth! Find the happy sprite
And for me her kiss to thy heart's delight!

THE WIFE'S NEW DRESS.

Husband reading.

"My clothes have just come home today;
You remember them, My Dear;
The boy just dropped them on his way
As springtime draweth near.
If you would like I'll go and dress;
Perhaps you'd like to see;
You always like my things no less,
Or little less than me."

"Oh yes, My Dear! I love to see
The birds of song and plume;
The flowers that spring doth open free
In beauty and perfume;
The rainbow daughters of the sky,
The white nymphs by the sea,
The spirits on the mountains high,
But what are they to thee?"

Wife goes to dress.
He continues reading.
She is coming down.

"Oh hush! Oh hush, my heart! Be still!
There's magic in the air!
A spirit which enchantments fill
Descends the golden stair.
The rustling stuff, the falling train,
And feet the carpet press—
Oh what a vision for the brain,
My wife in her new dress!"

"Well, well, My Dear! Is this yourself?
Why sure! I cannot see.
I thought it some poetic elf
Had come to visit me.

I thought it was my old ideal
Of fashion, honor, wealth,
Had come again my heart to steal,
But Oh! It is yourself."

"So this is then the famous dress
You often did rehearse,
The theme of praise and often guess
And sweet domestic verse?
Well! I declare! Your tailoress
Is some poetic life.
On Sunday in your hat and dress
I'll hardly know my wife."

"Strange! Strange! Dress is a wondrous thing!
A little touch of dress
Can round a woman's nature fling
A man bewitchingness!
A little change, flow, ribbon, lace,
Cut, cloth or anything,
And man will dream an angel grace
Doth on his vision spring."

"Does it fit me?" "Does it fit you?
Oh! It fits you like a glove;
Or like the softest, neatest shoe,
Or aught that women love;
Or like the fit around the form
The mantle makers gown,
Or like the dress that makes a storm
Of envy in the town."

"The skirt has just a perfect line;
It fits the artist's eye.
Its drop and curve is certain sign
That grace for it will sigh.
Around thy handsome feet it makes
A charmed circle rare
And every motion seems to shake
Enchantments on the air."

"This arm and shoulder, is it tight?
Lift up and set it free!
Oh! There it is. It's coming right
To just the shape, I see.
The back, there let me pull it down
And smooth it into place.
Well, by my faith! You'd make a crown
For all the woman race."

"How does it fit you round the breast?
The neck sits like a charm.
The waist is tight as ever pressed
A lover's faithful arm.
But I'm no expert in this line;
To you how does it seem?"
"Oh! I think the fit is just divine,
As good as I could dream."

"The tailoress is Madam B.;
And Madam B. you know,
Has poet eyes the grace to see
And hands the grace to show.
She said I looked just like a bride.
She said with eyes aglow:
'This dress and fit and soul inside,
Around the world could go.'"

"But Dear, I would not go a block
Unless with you I went;
In poverty and simple frock
With thee I'd be content.
But I am glad you like the dress;
It's half the fit to me
To have your eyes of happiness
Approve it as I see."

"How do you like the cloth and shade?"
"I like the stuff. It's good.
Our clothes should of the best be made
And serve the humanhood.
The men and women who are cheap
Want shoddy, show and trash,
But nature's need and natures deep
Abhor the empty flash."

"I like the hue. All shades of blue
Are dear unto my heart.
And artist blue enfolding you
Is more than all their art.
I never see a dress of blue
Move through the throng and din,
But what I wish a sky-soul true,
A soul like you within."

"If you would keep your husband's love,
The French say: 'Dress in white;'
But all the rainbow hues above
Are equal my delight."

I like the white of wedding dress,
The red and gold and blue,
The violet and the raven tress,
I like them all on you."

"Well, I like blue and white the best;
When I am dressed in white
Unto myself I am a guest
And welcomed with delight.
Whenever I am dressed in blue
I feel that I am dressed
And like the azure skies we view
Bright, beautiful and blest."

"Now, how do I look?" "How do you look?
Oh! That's the question, Dear!
I thought that thought had gently took
A silent flight from here.
I did not think that in thy heart
Such question could be found;
But here it comes with sudden dart
And pop right from the ground."

"How do you look? How do you look?
Oh bring the looking glass!
How many glances have you took
With pose and turn and pass?
The full length looking glass upstairs
And hand glasses as well,
If they could speak their visions fair
I'll wager they could tell."

"You look just like a happy bird
When spring renews her plume;
Just like a flower that life has stirred
To full new opened bloom;
Just like a lover's perfect dream
Upon his heart and brain;
Just like a bride with joy supreme
When summer heavens rain."

"You look just like the soul I sought
When wandering and alone;
Just like the woman that was brought
Out of the far unknown;
Just like a lover that did bring
A blessing most divine;
Just like the wife of whom I sing:
'Mine! Mine! Oh only mine!'

"You do not look as beauties look;
They have what thou hast not;
But yonder star and flower and brook
Have lent to thee somewhat.
Through thee the angels of the blue
Upon my vision start;
You look just like a woman true,
You look just what thou art."

"There, there, My Heart! Both sad and glad
You make me with your song.
I fear these images you had
Cannot to me belong,
Well, well I know deep in my heart
I'm not what I should be;
But upward oft my spirits start
The life of life to see."

"You don't think it worldly, do you?
All worldly things I hate.
With all throned on the azure blue
You know my heart would mate.
The worldly, fashion, wanton dress,
Nor soul or God within,
It must, it must, it does express
A heart enslaved to sin."

"Do I think it worldly? No! No!
Is worldliness in things?
'Tis in the spirit deep below
And from within as springs;
In our sufficiency and pride
And idle vanity;
In motives where all ills abide
And self's insanity."

"The worlds are all created free,
In beauty most divine;
The very things we daily see
Were made to sing and shine.
Wear shape and hue and trim thy dress
With simple saving art;
If flower and bird are sinfulness,
Oh what is nature's heart!"

"Does such a thing lift up thy heart?
On poorer dress look down?
To this be true: does, does it start
On heav'n's face a frown?"

If such it does, the cure divine
Would not the dress displace;
Get down! Get down! Get down and pine
For deeper saving grace!"

"Oh Beauty, Love and Life and Light
Behind the mortal veil!
Thy glory grows upon our sight
All up the finite scale.
Oh clothe her in the dress divine,
Thy Spirit's life and love!
The graces that with splendor shine
In earth and heaven above!"

AN OLD FASHIONED GEORGIA FATHER.

I stood within my cottage gate,
And well drawn in with fear and hate
Did watch the bully that did bait
The boys draw nigh.
There would he touch me? I did wait
Him passing by.

He stood and talked like any chap
But going, gave me such a slap
It sounded like a leather strap
And stung with pain.
I scarce the tears upon the rap
Could full restrain.

When supper did the table gown
My father nearly knocked me down,
And shame upon my brow did frown
When he would know
What I had done that then young Brown
Did strike me so.

"Nothing. He bullies all the boys.
To fight us seems his best of joys.
He's big and strong and makes a noise
And wants to fight
And knuckles on his fist employs
To make them bite."

Father stopped eating. His cheeks grew red;
His eyes grew blazing in his head;

A mighty passion from its bed
 Had sudden woke
And with all strength the furnace fed
 Thus to me spoke:

"If in this town there is a man
That lays a hand on you I'll tan
His hide till black and blue. Now scan
 The big and strong,
Your father dare to death the clan
 To right your wrong."

"But if I see or ever hear
You are a coward in your fear
And take abuses from your peer,
 And lie down base,
A coward, slave, shaking and sheer
 Scab of disgrace,"

"I'll thrash you till you bleed and bleed,
Your very bones will break, and lead
Your young soul out and to it feed
 Till she is fed
The thrashing you most certain need,
 Thrashed almost dead."

"Within your soul the man I'll find
Or you are not your father's kind.
A green peeled rod may swift unbind
 The soul that aights
And matcheth with a heart and mind
 Its manhood rights."

"I won't have you the cursèd thing
That men will spit on, hate and fling
Out of their noble soldier ring.
 Better the grave
For me and mine than hear men sing:
 'His boy's a slave.'"

"Be peaceful, friendly, kind to all!
Defend the cripples, weak and small!
But front the bullies strong and tall,
 Stand up and fight!
When there is no need stand to the wall
 And land it right!"

"To all the lengths of honor go
To keep the peace with friend and foe.

But when dishonored, strike the blow!
Stand up and fight!
Such men an iron fist can throw
Defending right."

"A boy that is a boy of mine
And cannot front the firing line
For Liberty and Right divine
I'd shoot him dead.
Nor would a flower of memory shine
Above his head."

"Now in your case. He'll strike once more;
I'll watch and see. It will go sore
If with this high souled soldier lore
You do not sweep
And like a lion in his roar
Upon him leap."

Then he sat down. He could not eat.
I saw great sorrow on him seat;
But something in me rose in heat
And glowed in pride,
And father's soul did in me beat
And mine did ride.

It later came as you have guessed.
I had to fight and did my best;
Both gave and took with equal zest
A beefsteak face,
That nature in a few days dressed,
But no disgrace.

I see my father was a man,
A royal chieftain of the clan,
And struck for me life's noblest plan,
I've yet to see
Of all that in the world I scan
Man more than he.

Straight was he, level, plumb and square,
The more a man the more laid bare,
A rich old fashioned soldier rare
Of nature's plan,
And she and Life speaks pointing there:
"That is a man."

From that far day to this one here
I've never known the face of fear
But often paused and dropped a tear
 To think how he
A double father without peer
 Still marches me.

A CRADLE MEDITATION.

I sat beside a cradle child
My spirit silence keeping;
And silence near the undefiled
Is always wisdom reaping.

I gazed upon that nature new,
In sweetest slumber dreaming,
Like most of earthly things we view
Deceiving by its seeming.

Most helpless of all mortal births,
A mass of tissue living;
No promise of celestial worths
To aught but wisdom giving.

Nought, nought to sight but instincts low,
A pulse with feeble beating,
A struggle with a mortal foe
And nature's cry repeating.

But grant some years, some terms at school,
Some days of work and sorrow;
Behold the growth! What double rule
To measure shall we borrow?

But grant some struggle, toil and strife
Deep cutting in the spirit,
And all that know the growth of life
Will even now revere it.

Down to the deep, up to the height,
From this soft smiling pillow,
Will pass the powers that bless or blight
As billow after billow.

Here jester's laugh and gossip talk
High thinking may be scorning,

And spirit-death spread as they walk
Upon the sons of morning.

Or poetry from these sweet lips
May pour her deathless singing,
Beyond the ages this eclipse,
Its echoes onward ringing.

Perhaps a deep satanic hate
Has burst its chains asunder;
Now by contagion, power and fate
Draws earth to darkness under.

Or heaven's gift, incarnate love
Has passed the golden portal,
Descending from the heart above
To make man more immortal.

Here powers may be of unbelief,
The spirit of all curses,
Wide scatt'ring, what a harvest sheaf?
Her loud blaspheming verses.

Or there may be a faith sublime,
A column heaven reaching;
Around which other souls may climb
The summit of their teaching.

Perhaps destructive genius vast
May shake the social order,
And ruin spread on spirit blast
From border unto border.

Or dynasties may here be born
Of love and light and splendor,
All rising beautiful as morn
Around their chief defender.

A flaming conscience with the weight
Of life and death upon her
May God, eternity and fate
By guilt and fear dishonor.

This conscience may be saved from fear,
A girded law and duty;
Redeemed by love, orb to a sphere,
A universal beauty.

Perhaps a most unbridled lust,
Earth's vilest, strongest passion,
May lizard-like eat serpent dust
And life from love unfashion.

Or else a granite purity,
Like snowy mountains yonder
May breast the greatest curse we see
Where Love and Life may wander.

Up to the height, down to the deep,
To God himself or devils,
These potencies and powers will leap
In worships or in revels.

It may not be in these extremes
These gifts shall be unfolden;
But who may stay these doubtful dreams
Unbodied but beholden?

Yet some of these shall surely be;
This is a new creation;
A passion from eternity,
A spirit for a station.

'Tis acting now and soon will act
In new maturer glory.
Its every breath doth deed compact
And feeds another story.

Yes! More than this. Forever more,
No never ending ages
Can lose or hold the new outpour
This frame so feeble cages.

Within itself while ages pass
All powers and states win strengthen;
Within itself as in a glass
A character will lengthen.

Within itself will grow and grow
The image most divinest;
Within itself will clearer show
Which selfishness enshrinest.

Out of itself an influence strong
Shall burn on growing numbers;
Life grows and grows through ages long
When we are in our slumbers.

As stones cast into seas asleep
Start circles wider swelling;
Through water, air and ether deep
They pass beyond our telling.

So spirits of eternity
Start through and feeling flowing;
Their circles widen on the sea,
Go, going, going, going.

It is a solemn thing to die,
More solemn to be living;
To other souls that onward fly.
Our good or evil giving.

Now which of these shall surely be
Is mother in thy being,
Within thy hope, thy purity;
Thy wisdom and far seeing.

It lives within a moral love,
In purpose soul-ward yearning,
In faith that holds the truth above
These selfish greeds so burning.

Some mothers never wake to God,
Nor find their noblest mission;
Be wise! Be wise! Spirits unawed
Must learn by sad fruition.

Some mothers dream the wicked dreams
Of fashion, fame and pleasure;
Be wise! Be wise! Revere the gleams
Around life's priceless treasure.

Some mothers rave of large spheres
Till others heed the story;
Be wise! Be wise! Before the years
Of shame eclipse the glory.

Oh mother, mother, bow thee down!
In silence seek the vision
That all the highest virtues crown
And leads life to elysian!

Oh mother, mother, bow thee down!
Make thou the consecration
Unto the ends that glorious gown
The soul with domination!

Oh mother, mother, bow thee down!
Choose honor, truth and duty!
Though life and selfishness may frown,
All heaven smiles in beauty.

Then to thy sons and daughters round
Thy spirit full unfreeing,
The virtues that from such abound
Redeem and grace all being.

As thou hast brought, so thou must feed
And guide the infant mortal;
And what thou art shall surely lead,
Oh lead them high and courtal!

BOYHOOD'S HOME.

I wish I were a boy again
In childhood's happy home!
I see it perfect in my ken,
Though far from it I roam.
The house stands yonder on the hill,
The garden and the flowers,
With cosy rooms and rest to kill
My daily wearied powers.
Though poor it had a sweet content,
A pleasure, hope and peace,
For heav'n had round about it lent
Good health with largest lease.
Oh home, thou art of earth most blest!
Thou art the nearest heav'n!
And more to-day, since this lost heart
Beats on through night and levin.
I've passed to here from place to place;
From house to house depart;
But never found the happy grace
That makes thee what thou art.
For years and years I've wand'ring round;
I live but have no home;
I seek, but never yet have found
The place for which I roam.
How often through night's lighted panes
Thy image springs on me!
What love! What peace! What happy strains!
Who has not longed for thee?
I envy not the rich and great
Their gifts of power and place;

The poor man's more than royal state
Of home I would embrace
I wish I were a boy again!
I'm weary with life's roam'
I wish my heart could rest as when
It did in boyhood's home!

DRINK HER HEALTH.

Across the startled screaming page
In letters crimson red,
A message ran that all did scan:
"Miss Helen Gould will wed."
Then Life looked up and softly smiled:
"I'm glad. I hope its true.
I hope the man that has entwiled
Is manhood through and through."

"There's multitudes of womankind,
Indifferent, bad and good.
From some I turn, to some am blind
But worship womanhood.
And she's a woman I can swear;
So here within the strife,
There's something springs and in me sings.
To such a Queen of life."

"Unseen and silent, constant, wise,
Her kindness has been sown,
Like benedictions on the sighs
Compassion made her own.
Their mortal sorrows she has shared,
Soft dressed the wounded heart,
And from her alabaster bared
A woman's healing art."

"Her kindness comes to me and mine,
And kindness is more balm
Than medicine or treasures fine
Or summer sun and palm.
To Time she is an honored guest;
Need will embalm her name;
This word will wake in many a breast
A skyward mounting flame."

"Dark slander whispers 'she is old,'
We know that she is good.

A woman more the highest hold
Than rainbow maidenhood.
Goodness is beauty, perfume swcet,
That never groweth old.
And rare, Oh rare doth goodness meet
With such a wealth of gold!"

"Let Labor's sons pause in their toil!
Pause ye of higher rank!
Now pluck a flower and let the dower
Her wedding pathway prank!
Now lift a glass of royal wine,
Hopes, blessings, songs and sighs;
Now drink her health and wish the wealth
Of God's protecting skies!"

THE LOVERS' PATHWAY.

From our birth to yonder portal
Is a pathway high an' courtal,
Spacious, stretching and as golden
As the dreams divine beholden;
Is a course as rich and glorious
As for princes when victorious
And the way is arched and splendid
As the pageantries e'er wended;
Is a street as clad with glory
As the classic exploits hoary
And forever there advances
Morning in all song and dances.

On each side are noble mansions,
Palaces with rich expansions,
Marble structures, dome and column,
Halls and courts in grandeur solemn;
There is majesty reposing,
Beauty her abode disclosing,
And within them is the garnish
That no dust or shadows tarnish;
Books and statues, music, splendor
And high pageantry attender
For those spirits great and loyal
On the peaks of life so royal.

Gardens, walks and lawns and bowers
Bloomed and brightened are with flowers,

With such rainbow colors streaming
As sets soul in magic dreaming.
There the birds with lyric measures
Quickened with soul piercing pleasures
And sweet winds are ever winging,
Spicy, winelike perfumes flinging.
There the azure panting arches
Splendor life in all its marches
And these humans crimson glowing
Seem immortals in their going.

On that avenue are passions
That anew creates and fashions
Common souls to angel measures
And old nature low retreasures.
Here are felt the vital pulses
Like an earthquake that convulses;
Brings from selfishness a mortal
That could grace high heaven's portal;
Shuffling off all that ceases,
Born into diviner races;
In the dewy dawn of morning
Souls are walking with adorning.

There are passing youths and maidens
To and from far sunny aidens.
Strong as is the soul of duty,
Fair as is the light of beauty,
Tall as is the shaft that towers,
Warm as is the rose that flowers,
Swift as is the brightning levin,
Pure as is the azure heaven,
Marching in heroic armor.
Singing like a siren charmer,
They are now each other meeting
With romances on their greeting.

There it is. Soul lightning dashes;
Spirit into spirit flashes
Sparks contagious, burning, flaming,
Flesh consuming, being claiming;
Passions that are white and glowing,
Bursting, bounding, overflowing,
Rising, soaring, circling, swinging,
Songs of drunken rapture flinging,
For the soul within the maiden
Finds the god that makes her aiden
And life's granite strength the barest
Finds his goddess pure and fairest.

They are off in love's romances,
Dizzy in their courtship dances
'Neath the starry moonlight splendor
That invites the passions tender.
Now are whispered high professions
And diviner breathed expressions;
Now both heav'n and earth are ringing,
Both their hearts like fountains springing
And the rapture of that passion
Casts on both a glorious fashion.

There are pledges strong as heaven,
Oaths defying life and levin;
Change and time and all that sever
Shall divide them never, never.
Now the two no more are single
Each doth with the other mingle;
Love a spirit most divinest
In a single soul enshrined
And the ocean currents tidal
Float them toward the altar bridal.

There is now the rich embraces
That the wine of life uncases;
Both are giving, taking kisses
Of unfathomed plumbless blisses.
Yes, some happy tears are stealing
And the love supremely sealing.
Now a silence doth them folden
Silence saving, sweet and golden,
With some touches of that sorrow
Purest love and joy must borrow.

Down from heav'n's highest mountains,
Up from earth's most central fountains,
Stream as boundless as the ocean
Currents quick'ning with emotion.
In the mind such thought arises
As the soul supreme surprises,
Worlds on worlds the spirit hailing
As are cut the curtains veiling.
In the will there comes a master
That ne'er knows nor dreams disaster;
Wholly living in the vision
Fear seems like insane derision.

Now idealists and dreamers,
Recreators and reschemers

Up are rising, and their duty
Is to fill that way with beauty;
So the poets all are singing;
Rich musicians music flinging;
Sculptors carving statues courtal;
Painters making scenes immortal;
Geniuses in march victorious
On the crest of being glorious
Make that pathway like the glory
That was never sung in story.

She is shining with adorning
Like an angel in the morning;
Spirit orbiting out in beauty
Like a radiant love or duty;
Fountains bursting, foaming, flinging
Sunlike smiles and vernal singing.
Happy, happy, happy maiden!
Now thy heart has found its aiden;
Thou art on the peak of being
Life and love are full unfreeing.

He is standing up like granite;
Poised and balanced as a planet;
Going forth as like a master
That brings victory from disaster.
Thinking like the elemental,
Straight through every incidental;
Acting like a sword descending
And all knotted tangles rending;
Coming as a conscious honor
That wears truth and power upon her.

Go your way! Still onward travel!
Ye can make the roadside gravel,
City, forest, mountain winding,
Strife paved paths and circles grinding,
All divine and rich and splendid
As the dreams have ever wended.
Thou and she in love immortal
Make a pathway prime and courtal,
Round and on all free creating
Forms with love and pleasure mating.

THE PROPOSAL

Miss Bright,

'Tis time that I should speak my heart,
Time, time the truth were said!
The message from me must depart,
Desire is crimson red.
Where e'er I am your image fair
Doth on my vision rise,
Forever coming up the way
An angel on my eyes.

When I lie down to sleep at night
I cannot sleep for pain;
Your presence with a sweet delight
Walks up and down my brain.
If I should miss the joy and sleep
A dream doth on me dart,
A shining dream in rainbow gleam
Rides up and down my heart.

When I rise up to front the sun,
The sun I cannot see;
The golden splendors that are spun
But introduces thee.
When I come home again at night
It is not night to me;
Thy presence is a world of light
Where morning glories be.

Away down in the crowded marts
Where interest blinds the eyes,
There, there your angel image darts
And all my spirits rise.
The crowdest corner of the town
I stopped at running pace;
How could I so deceive my sight!
I thought it was your face.

A telescope upon the street,
I paid to take a view;
The man that owns the moon, Oh sweet!
I saw not him but you.
I looked upon the brightest star
That heaven lends to sight,
And even at that distance far
I saw your soul of light.

I drew my watch to see the time,
Forgot the what and way;
For there were you, Oh soul of thyme!
Right there before my eye.
Yes! Even in the looking glass
I cannot see myself;
I see a queen but seldom seen,
A soul of priceless wealth.

There's not a woman in the crowd
But brings you up to view,
And brings you up so I am proud
And strong and glad and true.
I see you in the rainbow flowers,
In birds that fly and sing,
In poet's books and nature's powers
And almost everything.

'Tis strange! Oh strange! Oh passing strange!
I see you everywhere.
All that I see to you they change
My magic, rich and rare.
My eyes by magic sure are bound;
I cannot think or see;
There's naught for sight in all around
But thee and only thee.

Is not the writing shining clear?
Do not the fates say: "Wed!"
Canst thou not see, canst thou not hear
What heart to heart has said?
Oh haste, oh haste the happy day!
Haste, haste the hour divine!
'Twere heav'n to see or hear you say:
"Come! See me! I am thine."
your own.

"RUB ME AND I'LL SMELL."

A little girl with eyes of blue
And curly locks of gold,
With cheeks and lips of ruddy hue
And heart that riches hold,
Dwells in my home,
And of her tricks that fairies mix
I dream where e'er I roam.

She has a green and scentless flower
Called "Rub me and I'll smell;"
Which none would ever dream had power
A spirit truth to tell.
From its rough bed
She plucks and smiles with happy wiles
And holds up to my head.

"Smell! Smell!" she cries. When heavy breath
I draw to it uncloze,
She rubs and crushes it to death
All in and round my nose;
But then the dower
So hidden long with perfume strong
Doth vitalize the hour.

Then quick a dream springs on my heart;
"The child is like the flower,
Unconscious holding to impart
A purer spirit dower;
And thou shall find
High treasures fine as rich as wine
Her spirit will unbind."

I fold her deep into my heart,
My strong arms fold her tight;
My manhood strength to her could part
The fullness of its might;
But not a hair
Of that pure sprite, my chief delight,
Could find a danger there.

I rub the pansy velvet cheek,
Ears, brow and dimpled chin
Against my face, and thus would seek
The virtues soul would win.
I instant feel
A something breaks, a something wakes
As both our souls unseal.

I rub the flaxen flossy brow
And her full face would win
Against the growth a day has fed
To bearded cheek and chin.
She struggles hard;
With cry and pant she does enchant
The spirit of the bard.

Then lip to lip, Oh lip to lip!
Forever live the kiss!
Loves young and old will on the trip
And greener brow with bliss.
I feel a flow
Of life divine for which I pine
And seek for most below.

I feel a summer fountain stream,
Pure, sun-kissed, sweet and soft,
Break in my bosom like a dream
And springeth up aloft;
As if a fount
Doth sudden burst to feed my thirst
And to the skies doth mount.

Such fervent kiss of purest love!
Such dewy crystal joy!
Such innocence white as a dove!
Such faith without alloy!
All start a flow
Of love and life upon the strife
Of sin and guilt and woe.

Again still deeper in my heart
I fold her in and kiss
But lesser bless than I am blest
And rising in my bliss.
Oh who could dream
That from a child to age defiled
Such blessing could unstream?

Oh what a flow of saving life
Is gathered up in thee,
For husband, home and happy wife,
Faith, love and purity!
O'er mortal days,
Up to the height of vision bright
Thou dost our spirits raise.

The hearts that are the best on earth,
The deepest, most divine,
Rejoicing with the purest mirth
And drinking living wine,
Through infant hearts
Into their breast is fed the best
The Oversoul imparts.

May this rich, sweet and virtuous life
That all the younger hold,
Pour out the wealth of spirit health
In ours so growing cold!
May all all give
And young and old their hearts unfold
And thus forever live!

"CUDDLE DOON."

Beyond the salt and savory sea
The heatherland we find,
Where men are straight and strong and free
And women true and kind.
The mothers sing a cradle song
And nature gives the tune;
Hark! Across the sea it rides along:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

Long, long ago in that far land
A mother hushed her child,
And with a soft caressing hand
Soothed life's first tumult wild.
With love's divine first overflow
That doth with hope commune
She sang with tones men never knew:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

In after days in this new world
Amid the strife of years,
By change and grief most strangely whirled
And often blind with tears,
More soft and richer grew the strain
As strange lands weary soon,
And Scotland dreamed in each refrain:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

And I, the oldest of that flock,
The others loved to nurse;
And oft the cradle glad did rock
With snatches of old verse.
This was the strain I loved the best
For magic like the moon
Sung in my song and brain and breast:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

As I grew up I often smiled
To look on life's best dream.
Mother and child so undefiled
Where blackest shadows stream.
What happy, happy dreams arose
Round life like bridal June!
And soft we sang at evening's close:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

When passed the bright poetic days
Of boyhood, school and dream,
Life bore me to the crowded ways
Where evils teem and teem.
'Twas there I learned to see and hear
A greater mother croon
O'er many tired and worn and sere:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

As round and round earth's selfish round
I've traveled I have seen
These mortals bled with many a wound
Or worn by slavery lean;
Oft like them bleeding, sold and blind
And my ideals hewn,
I often heard from memory kind:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

I'm often worn and tired with life,
Rebellious, fierce and wild,
Too tangled in chaotic strife,
Too earthly and defiled.
Oft as I smother down the sigh
I would to slumber swoon;
And oft could wish to hear her cry:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

The old, old mother kind and dear
Upon us all doth weep;
The sweet old song falls on the ear
And hums us fast asleep.
I shall lie down to rest ere long;
It is late afternoon;
Then may I hear the mother's song:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

If after I have gone to sleep
I dream and roll and moan
By those great fears that on us creep
As here we walk alone,

Oh may the Nurse so true and kind
Sing soft the old old tune!
And on my troubled soul unwind:
"Oh bairnie, cuddle doon!"

OH LOVE OF GOD COME IN!

Oh love of God! Oh love of God!
The only love that lives
In this cold earth and flows abroad
Nought getting, ever gives;
Behold the world, its strife and greed,
Its babble tongues and din!
Thou art its first, last, only need;
Oh love of God come in!

All round are hearts of ice and stone,
Hard, cold and dead and lost;
By life and death forever thrown,
And farther from Thee tossed;
Shall these about Thee never dream
But still grow worse in sin?-
That thou through us on them may stream
Oh love of God come in!

If filled with Thee, for them we live
As thou dost live for thine;
Then we our gifts and self can give,
Our lives for theirs resign.
No service work love e'er withholds
What e'er men are or been;
The worse they are the more unfolds,
Oh love of God come in!

Thou hast for them high heaven's sight;
Her time and strength are thine;
Thou hast the power, thou hast the right
To make the worst divine.
Thou hast the faith that dares to claim;
The prayers that always win;
The vital message full of flame,
Oh love of God come in!

Oh love of God! Oh love of God!
Spring in our hearts and flow!
Through all the earth be spread abroad
And all toward heaven grow!

May thousands by each life be won,
Joined more to thee than kin;
To sing the song thou hast begun,
Oh love of God come in!

AN OLD FASHIONED HOME FLOWER.

See yon hollyhocks so shining!
All are signing
My past youth. I now remember
And an ember
Of my fifty years departed
Is rehearsed.
Now by mem'ry soul is glowing
And is going
From the snowing
Of my winter bare and olden
To my springtime glad and golden.

There the hollyhocks are standing,
Sight commanding,
Higher than the fences towering
And all flowering
With rich bell-like forms and flinging
Light and singing
To my dreams, and soul inviting
With delighting
So exciting
That the garden I did enter
To its living soul and center.

'Twas the old old world in fashion
But with passion
Sweeter, purer, whiter, finer
And diviner
Than the modern soul of science
With defiance
Of old nature's simple glory
And the story
That is hoary
But as new as in the morning
In her beauty of adorning.

Round it hollyhocks were standing,
Guards commanding;

Soldierlike in armor shining,
All aligning;
Tall high spearmen round the border
Keeping order;
Close together shelter forming
From the storming,
Giving warning
Welcomes to the kindly stranger,
Others halting like a danger.

On those tap'ring stalks parental
Opened gentle
Singles of a snowy whiteness,
Waxy dightness;
Doubles of a fringing splendor
Full and tender;
Others pink and dark and golden
Did unfolden
As of olden
Beauty full her soul unbarest,
When the simplest then the fairest.

Often then those four-leaved flowers
In those bowers,
On the bee in search of honey,
From the sunny
Splendors shining I enfolded,
Tight did hold it
While her buzzing set me thrilling,
Feeling filling,
Kindness killing
As I dreamed of her sharp stinging
Just the moment I ceased clinging.

Often when sweet auntie planted,
Full enchanted
I roamed round the flowers enhancing,
Fairly dancing,
Singing, smiling, drinking blessing
Past expressing;
Dreaming, Oh such dreams of gladness
That the sadness,
Strife and madness
That has since then drove insanest
Soul had not a touch the vainest!

Once a tap'ring stem full flowered,
 One that towered
Auntie gave me, and then partial
 To the martial,
Like a soldier in his glory,
 With his story,
Like a rainbow colored banner
 In the manner
 Heroes fan her,
I around and round paraded
And the outer world invaded.

When those hollyhocks were blooming
 Unassuming
I could see all fairy creatures
 And their features;
Saw the gauzy spirits smiling
 And beguiling;
Saw them step as from a palace;
 Or with chalice
 Void of malice
Drink the dewy liquid morning
That renewed them with adorning.

When those hollyhocks went swinging
 They sent singing
Such a music, such a measure,
 Soft with pleasuree
That the light harmonic catches
 Were but snatches
Of an airy softer noting
 Fairies floating
 Sing when doting
On each other, and I listened
Till mine eye like dew drops glistened.

Those old hollyhocks domestic
 Are majestic
With old nature's simple glory,
 And a story
Of just common loves and lovers
 Ever hovers
Over them and makes them splendid,
 Train attended,
 Warm defended
By the love that seasoned passions
Have for nature's homely fashions.

When these hollyhocks are shining,
All this signing
Is it strange they cut asunder
Soul from plunder,
And lead back into the golden
Time of olden,
When a boy and free from sorrow
I could borrow
Hopes tomorrow
And could live in dreams of magic
Which are lost in life so tragic?

MOTHER'S DAY.

The "Mother's Day!" The "Mother's Day!"
Fix, fix it in the nation!
Out carve the place, the bases lay
And raise it up in station.
The mothers are the living souls
Of every great creation.
Man, life and love and all that poises
The "Mother's Day" will hail with high elation.

Glad Nature bids the royal day
Forth from her gates of splendor;
The azure arches span the way;
Bright sunny hours attend her;
All heav'n and earth, morn, noon and night
Behold and glad commend her!
Great Life in her ideal right
To "Mother's Day" is champion and defender.

The platform, press and stage and lyre
Now trumpet forth a measure
That bideth man from mad desire
To take a moment's leisure.
"Oh heart, out of the heart of fire
Bring forth a royal treasure!
Think on the day and like a choir
The "Mothers' round and sing with royal pleasure."

"Oh stop the mad pursuit of gold!
Fan up home altar embers!
Tear off life's tissues fold by fold
Till memory full remembers!

In place and power and wealth and mirth,
In storms and black Novembers,
In all the changes of the earth
The 'Mothers' true can never know Decembers."

"Was not the Mother unto thee
The first and noblest giver?
Has not her love been flowing free
With fulness like a river?
The sword that cuts the wounds we see
In her own bosom quiver.
Did thou need one to die for thee
The 'Mother heart' most instant would deliver."

"The richest fountains of all life
Are in the 'Mother' flowing;
Through all the years of change and strife,
As at thy birth still growing.
Look up! Look up! Canst thou not see
The glory Life is showing?
Is not the 'Mother' unto thee
All nobler loves revealing and bestowing?"

"Right in thy eyes love's true ideal
Is like an angel shining;
Within and round this earthly real,
Life's saving lights are twining.
Both that above and that below
Feeds soul a sacred pining;
Both life and love now purer grow
For 'Mothers' nurse the virtues life divining."

"Ye mem'ries rich of mind and heart,
To virtues ye are rising;
Deep piercing greed and mune and mart,
All life ye are revising.
Success and wealth and place and power,
Ye see through their disguising,
And leaping like a passioned hour,
The 'Mother's' soul, ye are supremely prizing."

So up and down and round today,
Soul calls to one another,
Swift answer'ing to the magic gay,
The sister and the brother.
And all the state of mine and mart
Right in the strifes that smother
Have called a silence in the heart
And in it throng the memories of the 'Mother.'"

By memory lead the thoughtful haste
To Beauty's perfumed bowers.
We need a heav'n in earthly waste
To clothe love's royal hours.
"Oh bind me now with royal art
Rare heaven smiling flowers
To speak right home from my full heart
To 'Mother's' heart with rich poetic powers!"

"Oh bind a bunch fit for a queen
Of golden classic story!
Far better than the brides have seen
In old romances hoary.
The flowers that grow in gratitude
Have life and love and glory,
More beauty and beatitude
In 'Mother's' eyes than all the flowers so lory."

"A smaller make and all unite
To give her breast adorning!
A brightness, freshness and delight,
That joy could give the morning;
I'll pin them on her bosom bright,
Pomp, power, possession scorning,
And kiss her in my passion white
For 'Mother' grows more dear with every warning!"

"Now pin upon my grateful breast
A pure and white carnation;
I feel erect and at my best,
As marching up a station.
An antidote and virtue blest
She feeds a pure elation;
The God that crowns high heav'n's crest
Through 'Mother' shows his glory to creation."

"Or this the reddest of the red,
Could match my memory's glowing;
But never mind; my soul has bled
And from my heart is growing
A soul that sorrow rich has fled
And o'er the years is throwing
A beauty life has ever wed
And 'Mother's' heart is in its spirit flowing."

Far glancing up and down the street
Life sees these mortals wearing
A sense as if some noble soul
With noble thought was faring;

As if the selfish had been lost
As peace her calm was sharing,
As if true love each 'Mother' love
Unto their eyes was opening up and bareing."

There is a soldier from the war,
His wounds all sharp and biting;
The Campus and its life is sore
With deadly deadly smiting.
See how he pauses in the strife!
His eye afar is sighting
The dear old home, the simple life,
And "Mother" there the soldier sweet inviting.

Yonder a vital virtuous shame
Now writes a promised letter;
The silence falls from ail his frame
As like a felon's fetter.
A tear doth drop, his spirits flame,
His heart wells like a debtor,
And sealing with some gold his name
His "Mother's" son he stands erect and better.

See! There is one who plans tonight
Reunion glad and golden!
Brothers and sisters coming home
From city, sea and wolden.
'Twill be a royal royal time
When royal hearts unfolden,
Warm crimson love of prince and prime
The "Mother" love will circle as of olden.

There one doth murmur to his heart:
"Oh blighted world of plunder,
Whose selfishness is all thy art
And love is trampled under,
Oft as I travel mine and mart
I wonder, often wonder
Do any but the 'Mothers' bart
The kind of love the years can never sunder?"

Pierce yonder in those shadows deep,
A strong man there is weeping;
Tears of a sacred sacred grief
Are from their fountains leaping.
Gladness and sorrow both divine
His being rich is steeping,
The kindness of life's only love,
His "Mother's love" across his heart is sweeping.

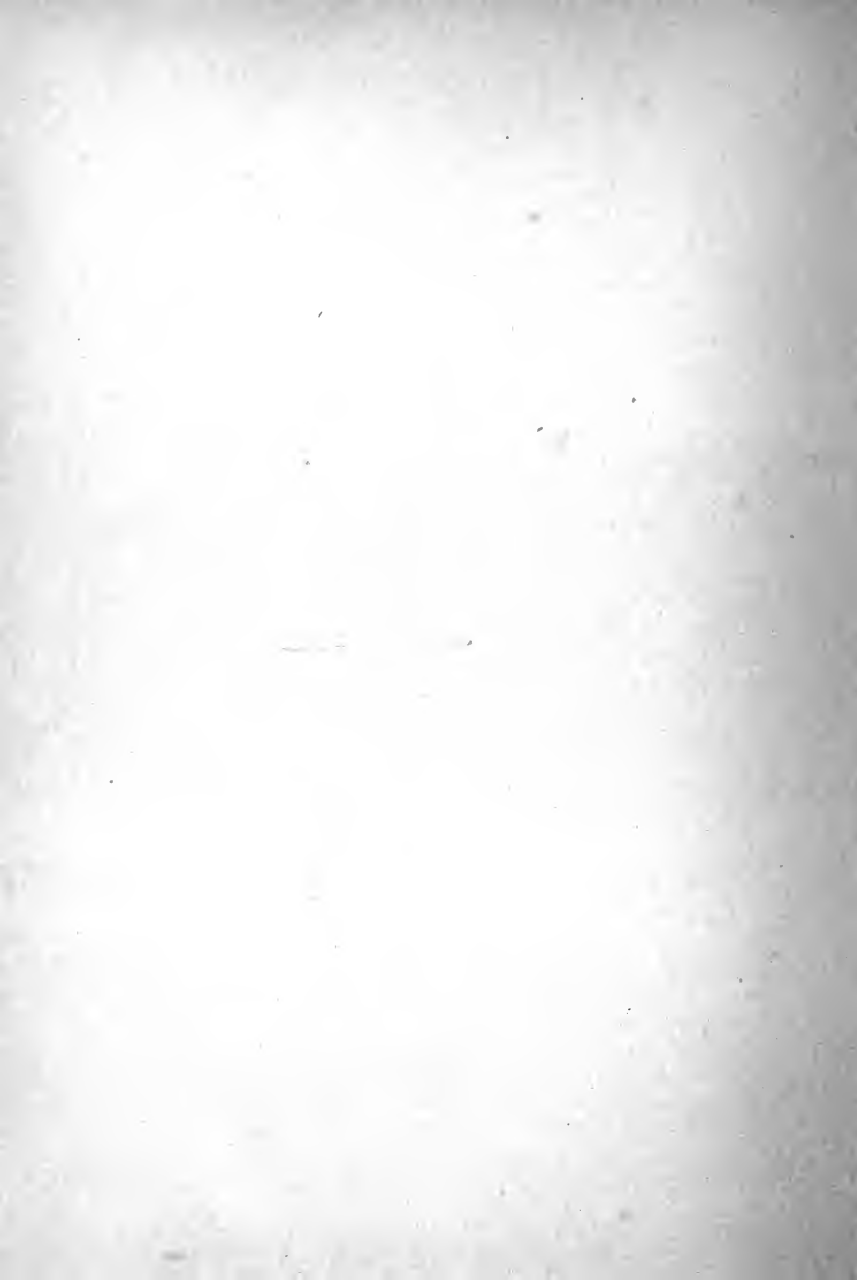
There is a royal rose of life,
A daughter like few others,
She flowers amid the mart and strife
And does the work of brothers.
She holds secure the little home,
Smiles on the greed that smothers,
And feels today as rich as Rome
For surely hers is queen of all the "Mothers!"

Yonder is one, upon his breast
No symbol sign is gleaming;
Can he be dead to virtue best?
The form is only seeming.
A world of home-like images
His heart and mind are streaming;
The path of life is blank and blind,
His "Mother's" face, upon his eyes so beaming.

Still more of life, still more of love,
Before the eyes are winging.
Today the sons and daughters glad
A noble song are singing.
Bright images of family life
Before the eyes are winging
And soul in song or silence bound
To "Mother's" heart are royal tributes bringing.

Oh "Mother's Day!" Oh "Mother's Day!"
Grow with the seasons turning!
Thou noblest form on life's highway,
Oh make us more discerning!
Stir up all passion, thought and lay,
Feed life's unselfish yearning!
The sons and daughters greet thee gay,
To "Mother" still with love divinest burning!

Oh "Mother's Day!" Oh "Mother's Day!"
Still lift us from our blighting!
Thy noble soul all virtue sway,
Redeem and set us righting!
Still often come on Life's highway
And still our courses lighting,
Oh guide us past the shadows gray,
With "Mother" there the children all uniting!



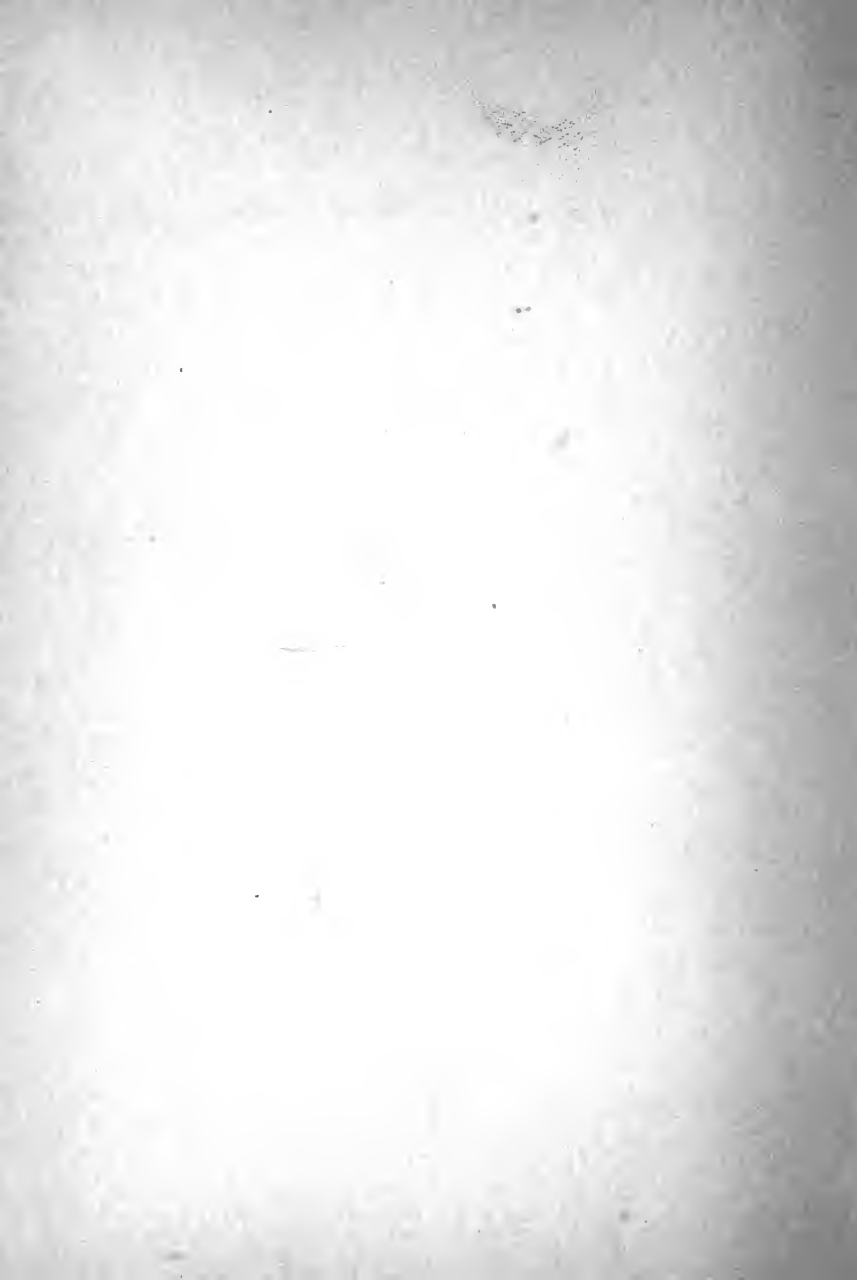
3/

7

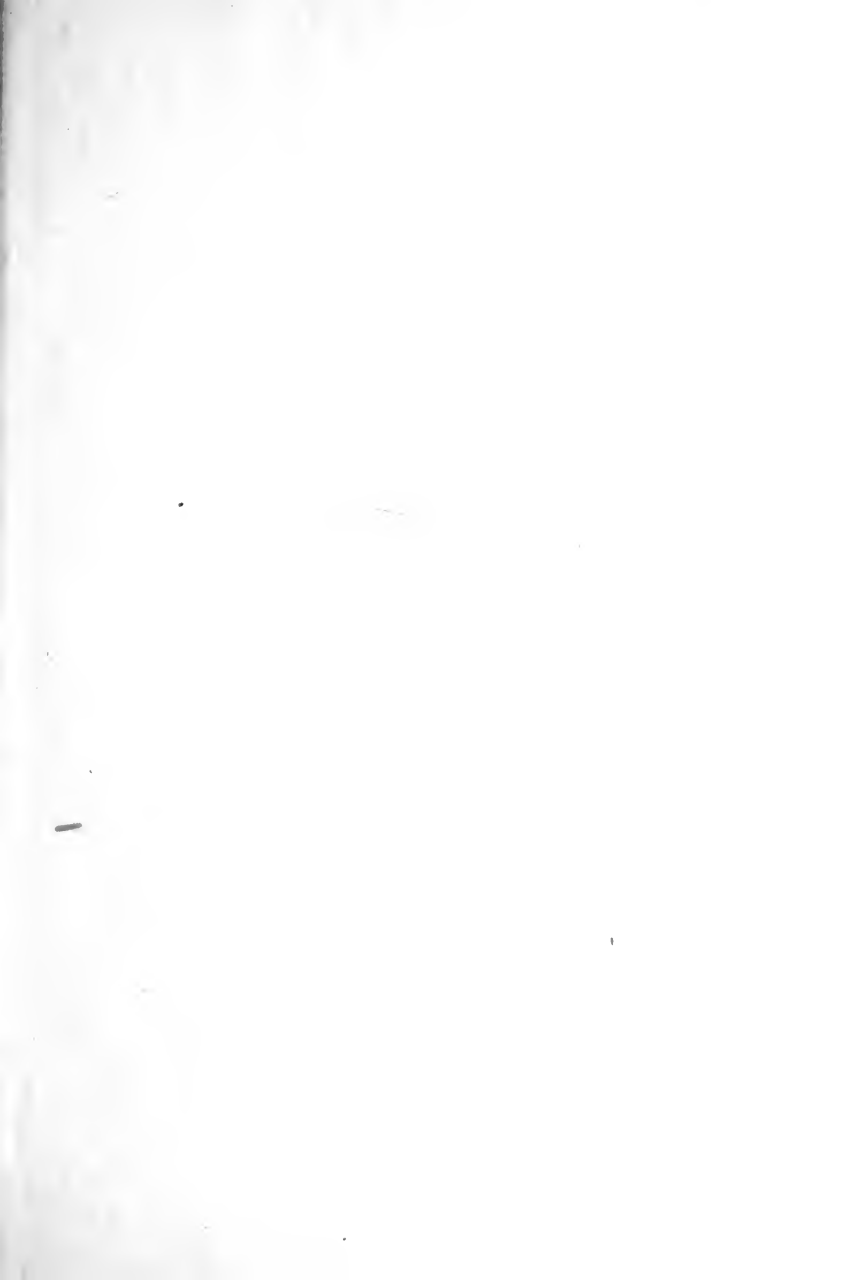
0

8

-











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 873 766 8